92 Class
A v 99 Book
General Theological Seminary Library
Chelsea Square, New York

Purchased from the fund bequeathed to the Seminary by
EUGENE AUGUSTUS HOFFMAN, D. D.
DEAN 1879-1902

120
126
150

The Life of the Archpriest Avvakum by Himself

The Life of the Archpriest Avvakum by Himself. Translated from the Seventeenth Century Russian by Jane Harrison and Hope Mirrlees, with a Preface by Prince D. S. Mirsky

Published by Leonard and Virginia Woolf at The Hogarth Press, 52 Tavistock Square, London, W.C.
1924.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

92
A v 99

Printed in Great Britain by R. & R. CLARK, LIMITED, *Edinburgh.*

GEN. THEO. SEMINARY
LIBRARY
NEW YORK

TO

ALEXEY MIKHAILOVICH REMIZOV

AND

SERAPHIMA PAVLOVNA REMIZOVA-DOWGIELLO

IN GRATITUDE AND AFFECTION

PREFACE

I

By adopting the Christian Faith from the Greeks Russia became a Province of Byzantine Christendom, and such she remained till the Reform—or rather Revolution—of Peter the Great. But Russia was not connected with the centres of Byzantine civilization in the same way as the countries of Western Europe were with those of Latin culture.

In the Eastern Church the Writ and the Liturgies were translated into the vernacular of every newly converted nation, and this custom dispensed all these nations from the necessity of knowing Greek. Old Slavonic, and not Greek, was the language of Civilization and Religion in all the Slavonic countries. Greek remained a sealed book to the old Russians, unnecessary for the ordinary needs of the Church and consequently unstudied.

The fifteenth century is an important turning-point in the history of Eastern Christendom. Constantinople was taken by the Turks, and almost at the same time

Muscovy finally threw off the Yoke of the Tartars. The Prince of Moscow succeeded in unifying the whole of Great Russia, and, finding himself entirely independent, assumed the Greek title of Autocrator. Muscovy was now the only independent orthodox kingdom in the world. The centre of power in Eastern Christendom was no longer Constantinople but Moscow. The Muscovites became intensely conscious of this new place of theirs in the world. This consciousness expressed itself in the form of the theory—voiced by the monk Philotheus of Pskov—of the three Romes—the First Rome had lapsed into heresy, and ceased to be of account to true believers; the Second—Constantinople—had been smitten by the wrath of the Lord and delivered to the infidel; Moscow was the Third Rome, and there would never be a Fourth. This theory became the official philosophy of the Muscovite Empire.

Towards 1550 Muscovy finally shut itself in from all extraneous influences. It tolerated the presence of foreigners as long as they were mere traders, as were the English and Dutch, but its mentality became water-tight to every non-Russian idea. The nation was the Ark of Orthodoxy, and the only keeper of the True Tradition. This tradition was em-

bodied in the Bible, Liturgies, and Fathers, as they were known to the Russians—that is, in their Slavonic versions. The Greek originals could not be authoritative, as the orthodoxy of the Greeks had become adulterated by their subjection to the infidel. Besides, no one knew, nor wished to know, Greek. From the middle of the sixteenth to that of the seventeenth century the Muscovite mentality, in spite of all the political crises and tribulations the nation had to go through during those hundred years, remained unchanged, self-sufficient, self-contained, China-like.

The Books, copied at first by scribes, then printed in the printing office, gradually became corrupt as to their texts. Learning was not great in Muscovy, and Old Slavonic was a dead language,—much of it was not immediately comprehensible even to a learned clerk. By the second quarter of the seventeenth century the need for more reliable texts began to be felt. The liturgy had also become corrupt, and in parish churches the offices were hurried through after a system called "polyphony", and which consisted in several parts of the service being read or sung simultaneously.

In the reign of Patriarch Joseph (1642–1652) there arose a reforming movement

which aimed at restoring the ancient purity of the Books and services and at reintroducing a system of stricter observance. This movement was headed by the priest Stephan Vonifatiev, Confessor to the Tsar, and by Nikon, the brilliant and ambitious Archbishop of Novgorod. Conspicuous among the younger members of the movement was Archpriest Avvakum, son of Peter. In spite of a strong opposition of the laity and part of the clergy "polyphony" was condemned. The corrupt texts of the Books were emended from older Slavonic editions and MSS. New editions were published, and these "Josephian books" with their emendations were accepted by the reformers.

For all their reforming zeal the friends of Vonifatiev stood firmly on the ground of Russia—the only orthodox country. They were only fighting the corruption of the age, and re-establishing the piety of their fathers. But others were to go further and appeal to the Greeks. This was done by Nikon, who, after the death of Joseph, was elevated to the Patriarchal Throne. He called in Greeks and West Russians (whose orthodoxy, they being subjects of Poland, was equally suspect), and to them he entrusted the task of purifying the books and liturgies and restoring them to their original Greek forms. This provoked

the violent opposition of the first reformers. The gentle and timid Vonifatiev was easily reduced to silence, but Avvakum and several others (the most prominent of whom was Ivan Neronov) took up the gauntlet with fierce and unbending energy. The changes introduced by Nikon, *Graecorum auctoritate*, were mainly of a formal, ritual character. The most resented were the substitution of the "triple" for the "double" Alleluia (on which question see the proem of Avvakum's *Life*) and of the "three-fingered" position for the two-fingered in the sign of the cross. To the modern Englishman these points may seem trivial. But to the old Russian they were not so. His orthodoxy was of a piece —Dogma and Ritual. What he had been taught by the Russian Saints, Peter, Alexis, Jonas, and Philip, was the truth, and of the truth not a tittle might be altered. To treble the Alleluia, and to cross oneself with three fingers were devices of the Devil to corrupt the purity of the Orthodox Truth. Besides, these corrections came from the Greeks, who were semi-heretics (had not they consented, at Florence in 1439, to a union with Rome?), at any rate suspect and tainted. Theirs was a mongrel orthodoxy. Not so the Russians'. Another point to be kept in mind is the intensely aesthetic char-

acter of Old Russian civilization. This sense of beauty was hurt by the innovations, and this disturbance of old-established harmony was powerful in goading Avvakum and his friends into implacable opposition. It is as if English Churchmen were to go to the stake for the Authorized Version, if some British Prime Minister were inclined to enforce the Revised Version by fire and sword.

Avvakum and Neronov very soon made themselves so disagreeable that they were sent away from Moscow, but others continued their work, and the foundation of a new dogma was before long laid by these die-hards of the old doctrine. By 1658 it had become a schism (in Russian, *Raskol*).

Nikon himself did not remain long in power. His extreme theocratic tendencies had made him dangerous and objectionable to the secular powers, and in 1658, without being deposed (no one could depose him in Russia) he was compelled to remove to his favourite monastic foundation of the New Jerusalem, about thirty miles north-west of Moscow. His work was continued in his absence, but without his towering personality it moved with a more halting gait and was for a moment in jeopardy. Tsar Alexis, the most gentle-minded, peace-loving, and amiable of Russian monarchs, would fain have com-

promised with the Schismatics (Raskolniks). There was a strong party at court averse to the Nikonian innovations: they succeeded in obtaining the return of Avvakum (1665). But it became very soon apparent that the Tsar's hope for a compromise was forlorn. Avvakum, believing at first that there would be an unconditioned return to the old rites, consented to keep quiet and wait. But the moment he saw that this was out of the question he resumed his "snarling" and uncompromising attitude, and was again sent into exile. The cause of the moderate conservatives—represented by the Tsar himself—was ruined by the intransigeance of the extremists. The Nikonites were triumphant. In 1666 a synod was assembled at which the Patriarchs of Jerusalem and Antioch and many Greek prelates were present. They sat in judgement upon both Nikon and his enemies. Nikon was deposed. But his ritual innovations were confirmed and an anathema was pronounced against Avvakum (who had been brought from his place of exile to be tried) and his partisans. The schism was accomplished. The Russian Church was severed in twain. Avvakum, and his friends, the monk Epiphanius, the priest Lazarus, and the deacon Theodore, were exiled to Pustozersk on the Arctic coast opposite Nova Zembla.

Pustozersk became the centre of the new community. Thence did Avvakum thunder his invectives and anathemas against the henceforward heretic-ruled Church, and proclaim the doctrine which was to be for many generations the religion of a great part of the Russian nation: the Gates of the Church had been forced by Satan; the rule of Antichrist had come. The flock of Christ was reduced to the true believers, those who, like their fathers and the Russian Saints, crossed themselves with two fingers and sang the double Alleluia. As in the times of the heathen Emperors, the true Church was persecuted and humiliated, and a Martyr's crown was henceforward the only guerdon worthy of a good Christian. The thirst for Martyrdom spread like a conflagration, and Avvakum gave it all the support of his authority and of his eloquence. He even urged his flock not to wait for it, but in the face of imminent desecration to seek for death in the flames. Avvakum himself, after an epistle of more than his ordinary violence, addressed to the new Tsar Theodore, together with his friends Epiphanius and Lazarus (Theodore had preceded them) suffered at the stake at Pustozersk, in April (there is conflicting evidence as to the exact date) 1681.

The Government in power at that time was one even more heretical than that which had

started the innovations. It was headed by Matvyeev, the chief of the Germanophils, a man with strong protestant leanings, the first introducer of theatrical representations and other Frankish abominations. The shaving of beards—the very brand-mark of Antichrist—was becoming of common occurrence, and eight years later Peter the Great ascended the throne. In him the Old Believers recognized the very person of Antichrist. The great Emperor persecuted them even more relentlessly than did the New England Puritans persecute the Quakers. The Old Believers were tracked and hounded, and there is no wonder that, when Peter died, they gave vent to their exultation in a savage satire—*The Mice burying the Cat*. But the Cat's death availed them naught. Under the following administrations the persecution was not abated. There was a regular trek of the Raskolniks away out of the reach of the Government. They fled to settle in the inaccessible backwoods of the north, on solitary steppe rivers, in Poland, in Turkey, in the farthermost recesses of the Altai Mountains. The expansion of the Empire and the progress of colonization brought them back into the imperial pale, and only those who had gone to Asia Minor succeeded in finally evading the rule of the heretic.

With the accession of Peter III. (1761), there began a period of comparative toleration, but the cleft remained, and the Old Believers took a principal part in the great Pugachev Rebellion of 1773. Under Nicholas I. there began a new period of persecution, and many of the beautiful monasteries of the Schismatics, that had flourished under the tolerant rule of Catherine and Alexander I., were desecrated and destroyed. Under Alexander II. the age of persecution came finally to an end, and the Old Believers went so far as to flatter the Emperor by assuring him that his liberal reforms were but a return to old Muscovite tradition. But it was only the Edict of Toleration of April 17, 1905, that finally removed all civil disabilities from the Schismatics, and only the Revolution of 1917 that, in severing the ties between State and Church, has made possible a reconciliation of the Raskolniks with the body of the National Church.

The Old Believers never formed a unified Church. From the very beginning they fell into an infinity of sects. Some of these sects went much further than Avvakum—the conviction that the reign of Antichrist had come led them to reject that which had brought them away from the Church unity, the old tradition, and to recognize the Holy Ghost as their only guide. But on the whole the com-

munities of Old Believers have been the truest —in many cases the only—preservers of pre-Petrine Russian civilization. Were it not for them our contemporaries would hardly have rediscovered the Church music of old Russia, nor the boundless wealth of its religious painting, which is the purest, strongest, and most original flower of Old Russian civilization, from the cultural point of view its justification and its *titre de noblesse*.

2

It would be superfluous in presence of his *Life* to multiply words as to the personality of Avvakum. He has given expression to it with a fierceness and sincerity that will go home to the most superficial reader even if he fails to find anything else in the book. Avvakum was all of a piece, his single-mindedness was absolute. Outside his faith and the duty of asserting it against every enemy nothing counted to him. It is very important to realize that Avvakum's fanaticism, though historically conditioned by patriotic and nationalistic arguments, was primarily and fundamentally religious and not patriotic. Russia was holy to him because it was the vessel of orthodoxy, not orthodoxy because it was Russian. The Greeks were despicable because their

subjection to the infidel had adulterated their orthodoxy, not because they were not Russians. When the Russian Church and State lapsed from true orthodoxy, Avvakum has no love left for an apostate country. He would rather have the Turk in Moscow than Nikon.

"Still do I hope for a second Titus, son of Vespasian, to destroy this New Jerusalem [the residence of Nikon], where the river Istra flows, and the little town near it that stands by the Neglinna [= Moscow]. I trust in God that he will raise the Turk to avenge the blood of our Martyrs."

Nor was his patriotism ever of a secular turn. He had no respect for "builders of Empire", of whom Pashkov was such an accomplished type. The Russian conquest of Siberia created conditions very similar to those of the Spanish Conquest of the New World. Strong and unbridled characters, practically uncontrolled from Moscow, were the pioneers of Russian rule. Such was Pashkov, whose expedition to Dauria (the modern Transbaikalia) was one of the most important episodes in that history of Russian expansion. It was to open the way to the Amur and to the Pacific. But Avvakum had no interest in it: to him Pashkov was but an impious tyrant, and he would rather pray for the

destruction of his expeditionary force than countenance his lack of piety.

There is in Avvakum a strange blend of fierceness and humility. This humility is very apparent in many a passage of the *Life* and often verges on humour at his own expense. But it was fierceness that dominated the man. He is splendidly sarcastic about the Nikonites who want to propagate their faith with fire, knout, and gallows. But in his last epistle to Tsar Theodore—the epistle which was probably the immediate cause of his death —he says in so many words:—

"Do you know, Sire, if you let me have my way, I would lay them all low in a single day, like Elijah. This, I dare to think, would not have sullied my hands, but sanctified them. I would choose a mighty clever general, say Prince George Dolgoruky [who had just with great cruelty suppressed the rising of Razin]. We would begin by quartering the dog Nikon, and afterwards all the Nikonites."

When he heard of the execution of his arch-enemy, the Patriarch of Jerusalem, by the Turks and of the flight of the Patriarch of Antioch, he exulted in their misfortunes most uncharitably: — "The Barbarian is quite right in what he has done to them. As Tiberius of old dealt with Pilate and Caiaphas, the first crucifiers, so does now

the Sultan, son of Mahound. Vouchsafe it, O Lord."

His attitude to his friends and followers is of course very different. His affection for them is ardent and boundless. In his letters to his favourite and socially most important ghostly daughters, the Lady Morozov and the Princess Urusov, he becomes almost gushingly sentimental. But even in his attitude towards his beloved ones his fierceness is strikingly present. Towards the end of his life, when all hope of earthly victory was over, from his exile in Pustozersk he wrote his terrible epistles entreating his children to go forth to meet death:—

"The kingdom of heaven is ready to fall into your mouth; but you hesitate, saying: 'My children are small, my wife is young, I do not want to ruin myself!' But think of those ladies [Morozova and Urusova] what wealth and honour they sacrificed! And women at that. And you, a great big man, are more foolish than women, you are not whole in your mind. Well, you will see your children married, you will give joy to your wife, and afterwards? [1] is not it the grave? Death all the same but a different death, for it will not be death for Christ's

[1] Cf. these words to the well-known passage in Tolstoy's *Confession*.

sake, just the common end of all flesh. But blessed those who die for the Lord!

"And even if they do begin to scourge you or to burn you: all the more glory to God for that! For this we came out of our mother's womb. You will not be very long burning in the fire—just the twinkling of an eye—and the soul is free. Are you afraid of the furnace? Play the man, spit at it, do not be afraid! Fear comes before the fire; but once you are in it, you forget it all. You catch fire, and here they are—Christ and the hosts of angels with Him; they take your soul out of the body, and carry it to Christ and He, the good Lord, blesses it and fortifies it with divine force. It is no longer heavy, but becomes as though winged; it flies off in company with the angels, it hovers like a bird, glad to be free from its prison. The prison is consumed in the flames, but the soul, like a pearl, or like pure gold, is carried up by the angels into the glory of God the Father. The prison is hewn to pieces by the halberds of the Nikonites, but it feels naught; it is mere dust, it burns like unfeeling rock, or like earth.

"Let every true one not let his ears get flabby, and let him not hesitate, walk you boldly into the fire and suffer gladly for the sake of Christ. The Nikonites have massacred

myriads of people, believing it to be agreeable to God. And I rejoice that they should have done so: they have hallowed the Russian land with Martyrs' blood. Be not sluggish, poor dears, be eager to sacrifice yourselves. My poor little Russians, glad they are to have found at last a tormentor: in legions do they leap into the fire. I would lief die, and then die again for the sake of Christ our God. He is sweet to taste, is Jesus! Remember the three Hebrew children in the blazing furnace! Nebuchadnezzar looked on, and lo! there was the Son of God fourth of their company. No fear, nor will the Son of God forsake you. Go about with all hope, run and jump into the flames. Here is my body, Devil, take and eat it; my soul you cannot take!"

There is another point to which attention may be drawn, though it is not exactly relevant in connection with the *Life*: this is Avvakum's aesthetics. In the Schism of Old Believers the aesthetic motive was very strong and it grew with years, especially after the cessation of persecutions. It may be said to be the dominant force in the less extreme communities of modern Old-Believerdom. But in Avvakum it is rigorously subjected to the one religious motive. The new realistic style of painting (which was being introduced from Poland and

Holland) is hateful, not because it is less beautiful than the old painting (which in Russia, it must be remembered, was much *less* realistic and more symbolical, decorative, and spiritual than in Byzantium), but because it falsifies the idea of God, and is not conformable to His will: this is what he says in a characteristic passage on the new style of painting:—

"By the indulgence of God an unseemly style of sacred painting has multiplied itself in Russia. Painters paint, and the Church authorities condone it, and they are all on their way towards the abyss of perdition, holding fast to each other. . . . They paint the image of Emmanuel,—making his face plump, his lips red, his hair curly, his arms thick and muscular, and his legs likewise, and altogether they make him look like a German, only that he lacks a sword at the hip. All this is according to the manner of the Franks, that is of the Germans. . . . Do not worship these unseemly images, servant of God, painted as they are after the German tradition, as the Hebrew children at Babylon did not worship the Golden Calf. Fat was that calf and big, like these images of to-day. It was not thus that the good painters of old did paint the images of the Saints: they made their faces and arms, and all their senses,

refined, as though exhausted by fasting, and work, and every contrition. And now you have changed this fashion, and paint them like unto your own selves."

It is unnecessary, of course, to emphasize Avvakum's profound and supreme contempt not only for modern knowledge, but even for all speculation and rational learning subsequent to the Fathers. He has words of boundless scorn for philosophy and dialectic in his *Life*, and it is certain that he would not have distinguished between Copernicus and St. Thomas Aquinas, between Descartes and Bellarmin in a sweeping condemnation of all dialectics. Just once more let us let him speak on the subject:—

"Of old the Devil did say: 'I shall erect my throne in heaven and I shall be equal unto the Almighty'; and likewise do the almanack-mongers say: 'We understand the things of heaven and earth, and who is equal unto us?' But what Christians achieve is not external wisdom, nor the understanding of the movements of the moon, but they mount to heaven itself by their humility and their bodies remain incorrupt on earth. Look then, proud almanack-monger, where are thy Pythagorases and Platos: they have all been eaten by worms, like so many swine. But my Saints, for the sake of their humility,

have been glorified by God. . . . Pigs and cows know more than you do: before bad weather they grunt and they low, and hurry to their sties and pens, and then the rain comes. And you rational pigs, you measure the face of earth and heaven, but cannot foretell your own hour when you shall die. It's a hopeless job with you, fat steers that you are."

3

Avvakum's place in the history of Russian literature is very important, in fact unique. His is the only work of really intrinsic significance in the whole space separating the Old Russian *Lay of Igor* in the twelfth century from the first expressions of modern poetry in the odes of Lomonosov and Dezhavin in the later eighteenth.

Old Russia knew no imaginative literature. Severed from the literary culture of the West, and ignorant of Greek, it had no literary tradition to fertilize it. What literature there was, since the fall of Kievian civilization, was exclusively utilitarian and mainly ecclesiastic. The Russian clerks delighted in rhetorical fine writing, but their eloquence is derivative and stale. Their culture consisted for the most part in the transmission from generation to generation of immemorial

clichés. Very few are the writers who, like Tsar Ivan the Terrible or Scribe Ivan Tronofeev, had a spark of original genius for rhetorical expression and a genuine literary temperament. Still rarer those who, like Prince Ivan Katyrev or Tsar Alexis, had in them the germ—entirely undeveloped—of a poet.

Avvakum is startlingly unlike his predecessors and contemporaries. Taken in historical perspective, he is one of the most purely and unexpectedly original writers that ever wrote. He entirely broke with the rhetorical tradition (which is apparent in its pure form, *e.g.* in the work of his associate the Deacon Theodore) and created a literary language of his own. His groundwork is the spoken language of his time, that is, a language essentially the same as the spoken language of to-day (or at least of uneducated classes of twenty or thirty years ago). Wrought into this groundwork are certain elements of the literary Slavonic of the sacred Books. His use of these, however, is quite peculiar: it appears only in the form of quotations from or allusions to familiar biblical and liturgical texts. It is free from bookishness, for the plain reason that all these texts were the common possession of the people. They were familiar to every

ear—in the services of the Church—not to the eye, which was unlettered in the average Muscovite. So this literary element is also after all colloquial. It is a matter of historical fact that Avvakum's enormous influence was largely due to this familiarity of his language. The effect cannot be reproduced in English, for there are not within the English language two elements so much apart from each other as Church Slavonic and colloquial Muscovite. Nor would the colloquial English of the times of Bunyan sound colloquial to the cockney of to-day. Avvakum's Russian, archaic in detail, is essentially the same as the spoken Russian of to-day—which knows (or at least ten years ago knew) no slang. The coarse words Avvakum uses so often and with such admirable effect in his *Life* cannot be printed in full in any Russian edition because the same words are still constantly in the mouth of every navvy.

For all that Avvakum's style is very literary, but literary in a different way from the common run of Muscovite literature. This is almost a miracle. The use of the language of everyday is a thing unknown to the unsophisticated stages of civilization. This is what makes Avvakum so astonishingly modern. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the Russian literary craftsmen of to-day

has more to learn from Avvakum than from any writer of the nineteenth century. Turgenev and Tolstoy, whose Russian seemed so colloquial and fresh that foreigners have even asserted that there is in Russian no difference between the spoken and the written language, seem as academic as *Rasselas* in the presence of Avvakum's daring modernity.

4

Of all Avvakum's writings his *Life* (which is dated, from internal evidence, 1672 or 1673) is by far the most important.[1] It is not an all-round autobiography: it was written for purposes of edification and propaganda. It is in essence an *Apologia pro vita mea*, not a disinterested exposition of all the facts of his life. For the purposes of the present edition, which aims rather at a literary than an historical audience, it would be irrelevant to dwell on its historical value. I have already pointed out Avvakum's complete in-

[1] The text used in the present translation is that of the Imperial Archeographical Commission (Petrograd, 1916) which reproduces Avvakum's autograph, and is consequently of indisputable authority. The chief authority on the life and times of Avvakum is *Protopop Avvakum* by Prof. A. K. Borozdon (St. Petersburg, 1898, a copy in the British Museum). It contains in an appendix most of his writings, including the *Life*.

difference to facts unrelated to his religious strife, even if he found himself in their very midst, as is the case with Pashkov's expedition to Dauria. Again it is obvious that the account he gives, for instance, of the Synod of Moscow and of his debate with the Greek Patriarchs will appear very different from the official accounts of it. Not every word of Avvakum's must be taken as gospel truth in questions of fact. But it is superfluous to instruct the gentle and cultured English reader in the exercise of a judicial scepticism.

I will also leave it to the reader—and the reviewer — to discover the literary qualities of Avvakum which are not too closely connected with his untranslatable Russian. In fact I am looking forward to what these reviewers will have to say on the subject. What they say will be interesting to me, not only as bearing on Avvakum, but also as further revelations to me of the English mentality, which (though in a lesser degree than it would probably have been to Avvakum) is still something of a mystery to me.

A word of advice to the reader. Avvakum has this in common with Marcel Proust: that the most difficult thing with him is to get over the first few pages. In these pages he exposes his reasons, based on quotations

from Dionysius Areopagita (Avvakum did know that he was Pseudo-Dionysius) and St. Athanasius of Alexandria, why he thinks the treble Alleluia an abomination. Those readers who are not interested in these reasons may skip the first ten pages and begin straight away with "I was born" and so forth.

D. S. MIRSKY.

Abbaye de Pontigny (Yonne),
August 1924.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE OF THE LIFE AND TIMES OF AVVAKUM

1620–1621. Avvakum, born in Grigorovo, district of Nizhni Novgorod.

1642. Joseph made Patriarch.

c. 1644. Avvakum ordained priest.

1645. Beginning of Josephian reforms.

1645. Tsar Alexis ascends the throne.

1652. Patriarch Joseph dies, Nikon Patriarch (July 25).

1653, February 11. First "Nikonian" book published.

1653, September. Avvakum exiled to Siberia.

1655. Avvakum joins Pashkov's expeditionary force.

1656–1662. Pashkov's campaign in Dauria.

1658, July 10. Nikon removed from exercise of Patriarchal functions.

1664. Avvakum returned to Moscow; and exiled to Mezen.

1666, February–1667, August. Synod of Moscow.

1666, May 13. Avvakum sheared monk.

1666, December 12. Patriarch Nikon deposed by the Synod.

1667, July 17. Avvakum sentenced by Synod.

1667, December 12. Avvakum brought to Pustozersk.

c. 1673. Avvakum writes his *Life*.

1676. Death of Tsar Alexis, Theodore Tsar.

1681, April. Avvakum and his friends executed.

Avvakum, archpriest, was bidden by the monk Epiphanius, in that he was my ghostly father, to write down my life, that the word of God should not be given over to forgetfulness, and for this reason was I bidden by my ghostly father to write for the glory of Christ our God. Amen! [1]

All Holy Trinity! Do thou, O God the Creator of all the world, speed me and direct my heart to begin with right reason and to end with goodly deeds those things which I, unworthy one, desire to speak. Knowing my own ignorance and falling down before Thee, I implore Thee and ask help of Thee; direct my mind and strengthen my heart that it may bring forth good things, that, sanctified in good deeds, I may at the Last Day be partaker of a place at thy right-hand together with all thy chosen.

And now, O Lord, bless me in that with all my heart and voice I proclaim the doctrine of Dionysios, the Areopagite, concerning the divine names, that God hath two kinds of names, the one kind are eternally-existent and true, the which are of His essence; the other sort are

[1] In the original manuscript this is in the writing of Epiphanius.

accident, that is to say laudatory. These are the names really existent. He who is Light, Truth, Life, four only that are essential; but of accidental names there are many: These are Lord, Ruler-of-All, Unapproachable, Inaccessible, Three-fold-Shining, Trisubstantial, King-of-Glory, Sempeternal, Flame, Spirit, God, and the rest, and so on in the like fashion.

Dionysios, concerning the Truth: For to thee the rejection of the Truth is thy falling away, for the Truth is that which really is. For if the Truth actually is, then the falling away from the Truth is the rejection of what actually is (and God cannot fall away from what actually is since it is impossible for him not to be).

And we say that the lovers of new things have lost the divine being by falling away from the true God and from the holy and life-giving Spirit. According to Dionysios, if they have fallen away from the Truth, then they have rejected what really is. Now God cannot fall from his own being so as not to be; not to be is not in Him. Our True God is eternally existent. It were better in the Creed not to pronounce the word Lord, which is an accidental name, than to cut out "True", for in that name is contained the essence of God. But we, the True Believers, confess both names, and we believe in the Holy Spirit, the True and Life-giving Lord, our Light, worshipped together

with the Father and the Son, and for Him we suffer and we die by the help of His Lordship. Dionysios, the Areopagite, doth reassure us. In his book he writeth thus: For such is in truth the true Christian, in as much as apprehending the true Christ and contemplating Him with diligence thus he passes beyond himself, not being of worldly ways and beguilements; he knows himself as being sober and having renounced all kind of tempting unbelief, not only for the sake of the Truth suffering tribulation gladly, even unto death, but also dying consciously at all times. And those who live with understanding have testimony that they are Christians.

This Dionysios, having been taught the faith of Christ by Paul the Apostle, and living at Athens even before he had come to the Christian faith, was learned in computing the motions of the heavenly bodies, but when he became a Christian all these things he accounted to be as vanity. To Timotheos he writes in his book, speaking thus: " My child, dost thou not understand that all these outside delusions are nothing but only temptation and darkness and ruin? I have been through them indeed and I found nothing, only emptiness, and he who readeth understands: they who are perishing have to compute the motions of the heavenly bodies for that they do not receive the love of the Truth whereby they might be saved. And for this cause God

doth send upon them a delusion that they should believe a lie, that they should be punished for that they do not believe the Truth, but do welcome what is not Truth.

Read the Apostle, beginning at 275.

This Dionysios had not yet come to the faith of Christ; he was with his disciple at the time of the crucifixion of the Lord, being in Heliopolis and beholding: the sun was turned into darkness and the moon into cloud, the stars at noonday showed black in the heavens. He spake to the disciple and said: " Either the end of the world is come and God the Word suffers in the flesh ", inasmuch as He saw all creation changed out of its wont and for that reason was he astonished.

This same Dionysios wrote about the sign of the sun when it was darkened: " There are in the heavens five wandering stars which are called moons. These moons God placed not within boundaries, like to the other stars, but they wander about over the whole heaven, giving signs either for wrath or for confusion, wandering according to their custom. When a wandering star, that is, a moon, comes up to the sun from out the west and hides the sunlight, then the darkening of the sun is for the wrath of God against men; but if it be that the moon approaches from the east, then, making its accustomed going, it hides the sun."

And in our Russia there was a sign: the

sun was darkened in the year 162,[1] *for a month or less before the plague. When Symeon, the Archbishop of Siberia, was sailing along the River Volga at mid-day, there was darkness two weeks before St. Peter's Day. For about three hours they wept and remained at the bank. The sun was darkened, the moon came up from the west; according to Dionysios, God showed His wrath to men. At that time Nikon, the apostate, mutilated the faith and the ordinance of the Church, and on account of him God poured forth the vials of the wrath of His fury on to the Russian land. The plague was great exceedingly; none even now can forget; we all remember. After that, about fourteen years later, another time there was a darkening of the sun. At the fast of Peter, on Friday at six o'clock, there was darkness; the sun waned and the moon came up from the west, making known the wrath of God, and at that time in the minster-church of the district the Bishop did shear the archpriest Avvakum for a monk with others, and in the morning they cursed him and threw him into prison. The true believer knoweth what was done in our land for the disordering of the Church. Of this I have said enough. In the Day of Judgement it will be known to all men: we will endure until that time.*

[1] *I.e.* 7162 from the Creation = 1654.

This same Dionysios writes about the signs of the sun as it was in the time of Joshua the son of Nun in Israel. When Joshua was slaying the Gentiles and the sun was before Gideon,—that is, it was mid-day—Joshua stood in the form of a cross, that is, with his arms outstretched, and the sun's going was stayed until what time he had slain his enemies; and the sun turned to the east, that is to say it turned away from the west and went back again. And there were in that day and night 34 *hours, because the sun stopped running for* 10 *hours, so that in the space of night and day there was an increase of* 10 *hours. And in the time of King Hezekiah there was a sign: The sun went back to the* 12*th hour of the day, and the day and the night were* 36 *hours. Read the book of Dionysios, there wilt thou understand it in full.*

He, Dionysios, writes about the heavenly powers and he, magnifying them, recounts how they give glory to God, dividing their nine orders into three Trinities. Thrones and Cherubim and Seraphim receive consecration direct from God, and thus they cry aloud: " Blessed be the glory of God's holy place ". And thro' them comes the consecration of the second Trinity, the which are Lordships, Principalities, Powers. This Trinity, praising God, cries aloud, " Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, by the alphabet al *for the Father,* el *for the Son,* uia *for the Holy Ghost.*

Gregory of Nysa interprets "Alleluia", Glory to God, but Basil the Great writes Alleluia a saying of the angels; in mortal speech, Glory to thee, O God!

Till the time of Basil they sang in church the angelic words, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia. But, in the time of Basil, he bade them sing two angelic words, but the third human, thus, Alleluia, Alleluia, Glory to thee, O God! The Saints were agreed, both Dionysios and Basil, that they should sing aloud in triple-wise with the blessed angels of God and not in fourfold-wise according to the Roman error. It is an abomination to God to sing the fourfold song thus, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Glory to thee, O God! And such singing He will curse. But now let us return to the first matter: This is the third Trinity — Dominions, Archangels, Angels. Through the middle Trinity they receive consecration and sing, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord of Sabaoth, heaven and earth are full of Thy glory. And this chant is also triple and threefold. The Immaculate Mother of God has discoursed concerning Alleluia; she revealed it to the disciple of Euphrosyne of Pskov, by name Basil. In the Alleluia great is the glory of God, but owing to evil sophistry great also is the mischief. In the Roman use they sing the Trisagion in fourfold-wise. And they announce the procession of the Spirit from the Son, tho' this sophistry is accursed

to God and to His Saints. God keep the True Believers from such a beginning of evil concerning Christ Jesus our Lord. To Him be glory now and from the beginning and to all eternity. Amen.

Athanasius the Great spake thus: "If any man will be saved, before all things it is necessary that he keep the Catholic Faith, which faith, except a man keep whole and undefiled, without doubt he shall perish everlastingly. Now the Catholic Faith is this, that we worship one God in Trinity and the Trinity in Unity, neither confounding the persons nor dividing the substance. For there is one person of the Father, another of the Son, and another of the Holy Ghost, but the persons of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost are one godhead, coequal in might and coeternal in majesty. Such as the Father is such is the Son, and such is the Holy Ghost. The Father is eternal, the Son eternal, and the Holy Ghost eternal: the Father uncreate, the Son uncreate, the Holy Ghost uncreate. And yet they are not three Gods, but one God, not three uncreate, but one uncreate and one eternal. Likewise the Father is Almighty, the Son Almighty, and the Holy Ghost Almighty—likewise the Father is incomprehensible, the Son is incomprehensible, the Holy Ghost is incomprehensible, and yet there are not three incomprehensible, but one incomprehensible. And in

this Holy Trinity none is before nor after another, none is greater nor less than another, but the whole three persons are coeval and coequal." Peculiar to the Father is that He has no birth; the Son has birth and the Holy Ghost has procession. To all in common is their godhead and their dominion. (It is needful to speak of the incarnation of God the Word, for our salvation.) The Son by the grace of His mercy came forth from the bosom of the Father. The Word of God, when it had remained for a while within the pure Virgin, the Mother of God, was made flesh of the Holy Ghost, of Mary the Virgin, and became man and suffered for our sakes and rose again the third day and ascended into heaven and sitteth on the right hand of the Majesty in high places, and He will come again to judge and requite every man according to his deeds. Of this Kingdom there is no end. And this intention was with God even when Adam was yet not created. Before even the counsel of the Father was conceived, the Father said to the Son: " Let us create man in our own image and likeness ". And the other made answer: " Let us create him, O Father ". And the Father came to Him and spake again: " O mine only Begotten, O my Holy One, O Son and Word, O Shining of My Glory, if We shall accomplish this creation it behoves Thee to clothe Thyself in the body of mortality; it behoves Thee to walk

the earth; to take upon Thee flesh, to suffer and accomplish all things". And the other made answer: "Thy will, Father, be done". And thereon Adam was created. If thou wishest to understand further, read "Pearls from the Fathers", *the discourse about the Incarnation; there it is set in order. I have shortly called it to mind, setting out the intent. Thus no man who believeth shall be ashamed, but he that believeth not will be judged and will perish everlastingly, according to the aforenamed Athanasius. Thus do I, the archpriest Avvakum, believe, thus do I make confession, and in this do I live and do I die.*

I was born in the Nijny country, beyond the River Kudma, in the village of Grigorovo. My father was a priest, by name Peter; my mother was Mary, in religion Martha. My father was given to strong drink; but my mother was given to fasting and prayer, and did most constantly instruct me in the fear of God. Now one day at a neighbour's I saw a dead ox, and that night, rising from my bed, I wept abundantly for my soul before the holy eikons, pondering mortality and how I too must surely die; and from that day it became my custom to pray every night. Then my mother was left a widow, and I,

young that I was, an orphan, and we were driven out by our kinsmen. My mother resolved that I should marry. And I prayed to the Mother of God that she would give me such a wife as should help me to win salvation. And in that village there was a maiden, she too was an orphan, who was wont to go continually to church, and her name was Anastasia. Her father was the blacksmith Marko, exceeding rich, but when he died all his substance was wasted. So she lived in poverty and she would pray to God that He might so compass it that she should be joined to me in matrimony; and He willed that it should be even so. At that same time my mother went to God, having first taken the veil, and died in the odour of sanctity. And I, because of persecution, moved to another place, and at the age of twenty I was ordained deacon and, after two years, priest. When I had been a priest eight years, I was raised to the rank of archpriest by orthodox bishops, and this was twenty years ago. And it is thirty years in all that I have been in Holy Orders.

And when I was still but a parish priest I had many ghostly children—it would be five or six hundred souls in all. And never resting I, miserable sinner, in churches and houses and at crossways, by towns and hamlets, even

in the city of the Tsar and in the country of Siberia, was diligent during a period of some thirteen and a half years in teaching and preaching the Word of God.

And in these days of my ministry a young woman came to confess to me, burdened with many sins, guilty of fornication and of all the sins of the flesh, and, weeping, she began to acquaint me with them all, leaving nothing out, standing before the Gospels. And I, thrice-accursed, though a leech, fell sick myself. I inwardly burned with a lecherous fire, and that hour was bitter to me. I lit three candles and fixed them to the lectern and placed my right hand in the flame, and held it there till the evil passion was burned out and, when I had dismissed the young woman and laid away my vestments, I prayed and went to my house, grievously humbled in spirit.

The time must have been midnight, and when I reached my house I wept before the eikons so that my eyes swelled; and prayed diligently that God might remove from me my ghostly children, in that the burden was too heavy for me. And I threw myself upon the ground face downwards, sobbing bitterly. And as I lay I swooned and wist not how I was weeping, and in my fancy I was transported to the banks of the Volga and

gazed at it with the eyes of my heart; and this is what I saw: On it were sailing two stately ships of gold, and their oars were of gold, and their masts were of gold and all was of gold; at the helm of each was sitting a man, and I said: "Whose are these ships?" They answered: "Luke's and Laurence's". Now these had been two of my ghostly children, and they had set me and my house on the path of salvation, and their end had been pleasing to God. And after that I saw a third ship, not adorned with gold, but pied with many and varied hues, red and white, and blue and black and ash, so that the mind of man would be hard put to grasp at the same time all its loveliness and excellence. And a young man, all shining, sat at the helm, to the right, and I called out to him: "Whose ship?" and he who was on her answered: "Thine. Sail away on her with thy wife and children, if thou wilt persist." And I was troubled not a little, and sitting there I pondered the meaning of the vision and of the sailing.

And but a little time after this—as it has been written—*the sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell gat hold upon me: I found trouble and sorrow.* A head-man abducted her daughter from a widow, and I besought him to return the orphan to her

mother; he scorned our prayers and raised up storms against me; he came to the church with a band of followers, and they crushed me to death. And I, having lain dead for half an hour and more, was brought to life by a wave of God's hand, and he was sore afraid and renounced the girl for my sake. Then the Devil prompted him: he came to the church, he beat me and dragged me, clad in my vestments, along the ground by the legs, and while he did it I was praying.

And likewise another head-man at another time became as a wild beast against me. Breaking into my house, he beat me and gnawed the fingers of my hand, like a dog, with his teeth; and when his throat was full of blood, then he loosened his teeth from my hand and, throwing me aside, went to his house. But I, blessing God, wrapped up my hand in a cloth, and started for vespers; and on the way he leapt out on me again with two small pistols and, standing close to me, fired from one of them and, by God's will, the powder exploded in the pan and the pistol missed fire. So he flung himself on the ground and in the same manner fired from the other, and God willed it should be in the same sort, for that pistol also missed fire. But I, praying diligently, with one hand signed him with the Cross and bowed low

before him; then began he to snarl imprecations, but I said to him: "Out of thy mouth, Ivan Rodionovich, let blessings proceed". And next he took from me my homestead and drove me out with violence, seizing all my goods, leaving me not even a morsel of bread to eat on the road.

During that time my son Prokopiy was born, the same that to-day lies a prisoner with his mother dug into a pit in the earth. So I took my staff and his mother took the unbaptized infant, and we set off on our wanderings, whither God should lead us, and on the way we baptized our son, even as Philip of old baptized the eunuch. And when in my wanderings I reached Moscow, I made straight for the Tsar's chaplain, the archpriest Stephen, and for Neronov, the archpriest John, and they informed the Tsar concerning me, and from that time began my acquaintance with the Emperor. And the reverend fathers sent me back whence I had come with royal mandates, and wearily I dragged myself home: but the walls of my house had been pulled down and I set to to rebuild them, and once again the Devil raised up a storm against me. There came to my village dancing bears with drums and lutes, and I, though a miserable sinner, was zealous in Christ's service, and I drove them out

and I broke the buffoons' masks and the drums, on a common outside the village, one against many, and two great bears I took away—one I clubbed senseless, but he revived, and the other I let go into the open country. And after that Basil Petrovich Sheremetev, who was sailing up the Volga to Kazan to take over the Governorship, took me on board, and he sternly reprimanded me and ordered me to bless his son who had a shaven face.[1] And when I saw that image of shame I would not bless him, but condemned him from the Scriptures. So my lord waxed terribly wrath and ordered that I should be flung into the Volga and, having inflicted on me many hurts, they cast me aside, but in later years their rough handling turned to friendliness, for we were reconciled one to another in the ante-chamber of the Tsar, and my youngest brother was his lady's confessor. Thus does God fashion the lives of his people.

Let us return to earlier days: again another head-man became as a wild beast against me; he arrived with his folk at my homestead and attacked me, shooting from bows and muskets; and I, the while, prayed to the Lord, calling

[1] A man who shaved his beard was considered in old Russia a shameful object and outside the pale of Christendom, and a priest had not the right to bless him.

to Him in a loud voice: "Lord God! Make his heart gentle, and reconcile him to me by whatsoever means Thou choosest". And he fled from my yard, driven out by the Holy Ghost. And that very night his folk came running and they called out to me with many tears: "Little father! Euphemiy Stepanovich is near his end, and he is most inconveniently screaming; he strikes himself and groans, and of his own accord he says: 'I want parson Avvakum, God will punish me because of him'". And I felt it to be a trap. And terror seized on the spirit within me and I prayed to God thus: "Thou, O Lord, who broughtest me out of my mother's womb, and out of nothing didst create me, if they are about to strangle me, then count me with Philip, the Metropolitan of Moscow; and if they are about to stab me, count me with the Prophet Zachariah; and if they are about to drown me, then deliver me from their hands, as thou didst Stephen of Perm". And praying the while I betook myself to the house, even to the house of Euphemiy. And when they had led me into the yard, out rushed his wife, Neonila, and seized me by the hand, and she said: "Come in then, dearie, my lord, my father! Come in then, light of our eyes!" And I answered: "Strange! Before it was 'Son of a whore'! And now it's

'My father'! Christ wields a crueller scourge than he. Your good man has not taken long to own himself in fault." She led me into the bedroom. Euphemiy leapt out of the feather bed, fell down at my feet, and howled and blubbered confused words: "Forgive me, my lord! I have sinned before God and before thee"; and he was all of a tremble. And I said in reply: "Dost thou wish to be healed?" and he, lying on the ground, answered: "Aye, good father!" And I said: "Stand up, God pardons thee". But he, sorely stricken, could not rise by himself, so I lifted him and laid him on his bed, and confessed him and anointed him with sacred oil, and his sickness departed. So Christ willed it. And the next morning they sent me back with honour to my home, and he and his wife became my ghostly children, excellent servants of Christ. Thus doth the Lord harden His heart against the proud, but He showers blessings on the meek.

And but a little time after this I was once again driven out of this place, so I betook me to Moscow and by God's will the Emperor was pleased to appoint me Archpriest of Yurievets-on-the-Volga. But I did not stay there long, but a matter of eight weeks. The Devil prompted the priests and the peasants and the good wives; and they came to the

Patriarch's Chancellery where I was occupied in business of the Church and dragged me out of the Chancellery (there would be nigh two thousand of them), and in the middle of the street they beat me with cudgels and stamped on me, and the good wives beat me with shovels; and, for my sins, they flung me into a corner of a house. The captain of the troops came rushing up with his soldiers, and seizing me they galloped on their horses to my little home; and the captain placed the soldiers round the house. But the folk came up to it, and raised an outcry through the town, especially the Jack priests and their Jills, whom I had rated for their whoring ways, and they howled: "Death to the thief, to the son of a whore, and we'll fling his body into the ditch, for the dogs". And, on the third day, by night, not having closed an eye, I left my wife and children and with two others made for Moscow by way of the Volga; I would have taken refuge in Kostroma, but, lo! there too they had driven away their Archpriest, Daniel. Ah, lack-a-day! The Devil leaves no man in peace! I reached Moscow; and went to Stephen, the Tsar's chaplain; and he grumbled at me: "Why", says he, "have you abandoned your minster church?" And more trouble was awaiting me. In the middle of the night the Tsar came into his

chaplain for his blessing[1] and he saw me there;—more vexation: "And why have you abandoned your town?" And there were my wife and children and household (some twenty souls in all) left behind in Yurievets and I not knowing if they were alive or dead—yet another burden on my heart!

After that, Nikon, our friend, brought down the relics of the Metropolitan Philip from the Solovietsky monastery, and before his arrival, Stephen, the chaplain, with the brotherhood, and I with them, passed a week in prayer and fasting, concerning the Patriarchate, even that God might give us a shepherd fitted to the saving of our souls. And the Metropolitan of Kazan and I, we signed our names to a petition and gave it to the Tsar and the Tsaritsa, concerning the chaplain Stephen, that he might be made Patriarch. But he did not wish it for himself and named the Metropolitan Nikon. And the Tsar hearkened to him and wrote to Nikon to greet him on his arrival. "To Nikon, the Right Reverend Metropolitan of Novgorod and Velikiy Luky and of all Russia, greetings," and so forth. And when he arrived he played the fox with us, and it was bowings and scrapings and "Good morrow to you!" For he knew that

[1] Either to have his sleeplessness or his nightmares exorcised.

he was to be Patriarch and wished to remove all obstacles thereto. But I'll not waste my time telling all these cunning machinations. And when he became Patriarch he would not so much as allow his friends into the room of the Crosses,[1] and now at last belched forth his venom.

In Lent he sent a pastoral letter to St. Basil's Minster, to John Neronov. Now he was my ghostly father and I was lodging in his presbytery; and when he was absent I took the services; and at the time there was some talk of making me the successor to Silas, God rest his soul, at St. Saviour's, but God willed not that it should be so and I myself was not over eager concerning it; I was well content to continue at St. Basil's: I used to read godly books to the flock, and they would come in great numbers. Nikon inscribed his letter with the year and the date, " According to the tradition of the holy Apostles and the Fathers, it is not seemly to make obeisance in church to the knee, it should be no lower than the girdle, and moreover it behoves you to sign yourselves with three fingers ". We met together and took counsel. It was as if Winter was of a mind to come; our hearts froze, our

[1] A room in the Patriarch's palace reserved for meetings of the clergy. He would not even receive them there, much less in his private apartments.

limbs shook. Neronov entrusted his church to me and shut himself up in the Chudov monastery, and he spent a week praying in a cell, and one day a voice came from the eikons: "The hour of tribulation has come; it behoves you to suffer and be strong". And, weeping, he recounted these words to me and to Paul, the Bishop of Kolomna, the same that afterwards Nikon was to burn in the Novgorod country, and then to Daniel the Archpriest of Kostroma, and also to all the brothers. Together with Daniel I wrote out excerpts from the Fathers concerning the manner to be used in crossing oneself and making obeisances, and we gave them to the Emperor. And many were the excerpts we had made. But he hid them, we know not where; I am of opinion that he gave them to Nikon.

And a little later Nikon seized Daniel in the monastery outside the Tver Gates, and sheared him monk in the presence of the Tsar, and tearing off his cassock and insulting him the while, had him taken to the monastery of Chudov and put in the bake-house, and when he had suffered grievously there, he sent him to Astrakan; and there they placed a crown of thorns on his head and cast him into a dungeon, where he died. After the shearing of Daniel, they seized another Daniel—he also was an archpriest, of Temnikov—and they

confined him in the monastery of New St. Saviour's. And in the same way with the archpriest Neronov Ivan, Nikon took off his biretta in church and had him confined in the monastery of Simon, and later banished him to Vologda, to the walled monastery of St. Saviour's, then to the fortress of Kola, and in the end, after having suffered exceedingly, he recanted—poor soul; he signed himself with three fingers, and so died a heretic. Woe is me! Let every man stand firm and be ever on the watch lest his foot shall stumble. In the words of the Scripture, these are surely evil days when even the Elect yield to the blandishments of Antichrist. It behoves us to be exceeding strong in prayer to God, and He will save us and help us, for He is merciful and loves mankind.

And I, too, while I was celebrating vespers, was arrested by Boris Neledinsky and his musketeers, and together with me they arrested nigh on sixty souls and took them off to prison, and me they fastened with a chain for the night in the Patriarch's court. And when the Sabbath dawned they placed me in a cart and stretched out my arms and drove me from the Patriarch's court to the monastery of Andronicus, and there they put chains on me and flung me into a black dungeon, dug into the earth, and there I lay for three days, and I had nothing

to eat or to drink in the darkness, as I sat there bowing myself to the earth against my chains, though I knew not, as I made my obeisances, which was east and which was west. No one came to me but mice and black beetles, and the crickets chirped, and of fleas there was abundance. And on the third day I was famished, that is to say, I wanted to eat, and after vespers some one was standing before me, I knew not whether he was man or angel, and to this day I know not. I only know this that he said a prayer in the darkness and, taking me by the shoulder, led me on my chain to a bench and seated me on it and put a spoon into my hands and gave me a little bread and some cabbage soup to sup—Oh, but it was tasty!—and he said to me: "Enough, let that serve you as restorative". And, lo, he was gone! The door had not opened and yet he was gone! Were he a man, it were a miracle; but were he an angel? Then were there no cause for wonder, because for such as he there are no barriers. In the morning came the Archimandrite with the brothers, and they led me away; they spoke to me coaxingly, that I should yield to the Patriarch, but I thundered against them from the Scriptures and snarled at them. They took off the big chain and put a small one on me in its place, and set a monk as gaoler over me; they ordered that I

should be dragged to church. In church they pulled my hair and poked my ribs and pulled at my chain, and spat in my eyes. May God forgive them in this life and the next! It was not they themselves that did it, but Satan in his malice. I remained there four weeks.

After me they next seized Login, the Archpriest of Murom. In the minster-church, in the presence of the Tsar, they sheared him monk at Mass. (At the time of the carrying round of the Host, the Patriarch seized the paten from the head of the Archdeacon and placed it on the altar, together with Christ's body and the chalice. Meanwhile, Therapont, the Archimandrite of the Chudov monastery, was standing outside the choir before the King's Gates. Woe is me that Christ's body should be sundered, more impiously than ever by the Jews!) When they had shorn him they tore from him his kaftan and his outer garment. But Login was consumed with the zeal of God's fire; and he defied Nikon and spat across the threshold to the altar straight into his eyes; loosening his girdle, he tore off his shift and flung it into the altar, into Nikon's face, and, oh, wondrous to tell, the shift spread itself out and fell on the altar in such way that it covered the paten as though it had been the corporals. And the Tsarina was in

church at the time. They put a chain on Login and, dragging him from the church, beat him with brooms and whips to the monastery of the Epiphany, and thrust him into a dungeon for the night and set musketeers to guard him strictly. But lo! in the night God gave him a new fur cloak and a biretta; and in the morning they told Nikon, and he, laughing, said: "*I* know that breed of sham saint!" and he took from him the hat, but left him the fur coat.

At that time they led me again from the monastery on foot to the court of the Patriarch's palace; and then again, spreading out my arms and wrangling much with me, they took me away from there also. And on St. Nikita's day there was a procession with Crosses, and as they were driving me in a cart we met the Crosses. And they drove me to the minster-church that they might shear me, and during Mass they kept me for a long time on the threshold. The Emperor rose from his place and going up to the Patriarch entreated him that he should not shear me, and they took me away to the Siberia Office and handed me over to the scribe, Tretiak Bashmakov, the same that to-day is suffering for Christ — the elder Savvati (for he took the cowl), he lies in the monastery of New St. Saviour's in a dungeon dug into the earth:

may God have mercy on his soul! and even in these days he entreated me kindly.

So they sent me then to Siberia with my wife and children, and of the many and great privations on the way, had I the time there would be much to tell. Dame Avvakum bore a sickly child in the cart and we brought it as far as Tobolsk; it was a journey of 3000 versts, and for some thirteen weeks we dragged along in carts and by water and half of the way in sledges.

The Archbishop got me a church in Tobolsk. And there in that church great afflictions found me out; in half a year five times were the *Tsar's Words*[1] called out against me, and a certain member of the Archbishop's household, the scribe Ivan Struna, outraged me. The Archbishop was away in Moscow, and in his absence he, taught by the Devil, fell on me. He was minded to torment without cause Anthony, the clerk of my church. He, Anthony, gave him the slip and fled to me, in church. But this Struna Ivan, having collected some others, came to me that same day in church—I was

[1] This refers to a curious old Russian custom; if one citizen, pointing to another, called out in the streets "The Tsar's Words against that man!" the archers were bound immediately to arrest the second citizen; for it meant that the first citizen considered him guilty of treason or some other capital crime.

singing vespers—and came leaping into the church and seized Anthony in the choir by the beard. I, in the meantime, had shut the church doors and would let no one in, so Struna was alone and kept twirling round like an imp of hell; and I, when I had finished vespers sat him down, Anthony lending a hand, in the middle of the church on the floor and thrashed him soundly with a leather strap for having made a riot in church; and the other rogues, some twelve in number, fled, every man of them, driven away by the Holy Ghost. And Struna having declared that he repented, I let him go in peace. But Struna's kinsmen among the priests and monks raised the whole town against me, so that they might compass my death. And in the middle of the night they drove up in sledges to my homestead and broke into my house, being of a mind to take and drown me; but a terror from God fell upon them and drove them hence, and they fled away. For a month was I tormented by their tricks, for they would attack me in secret; and sometimes I would take refuge by night in the church, and sometimes with the Governor, and I would beg that for safety I might be put in prison—but this they would not do. Matthew Lomkov—the same that as a monk was called Mitrophan, and

later in Moscow was apparitor to the Metropolitan Paul—he kept close to my side; it was he that afterwards sheared me in the minster-church together with the deacon Athanasius: but at that time he was a just man, though the Devil has now swallowed him.) Then the Archbishop returned from Moscow, and, as was but meet considering his offence, thrust Struna into prison with chains on him. For a certain man had lain with his own daughter, and he, Struna, had accepted 50 kopieks from the fellow and had let him go without punishment. And the Lord Bishop ordered him to be fettered, and he bethought him of that affair with me. For he, Struna, went to the Governor and his men in their office, and said the *Words of the Tsar* against me. And the captain allowed a petty squire, Peter Beketov, to go bail for him. Woe is me! Misfortune entered the gates of Peter's dwelling-place, and it grieves my soul. The Archbishop took council with me, and, in accordance with the rubric, on the first Sunday in Lent he started cursing Struna for the sin of incest in the great church. And that same Beketov Peter came to church, and rated the Archbishop and myself, and within an hour, on his way home from church, he went mad, and he died a bitter and an evil death. And His Grace and I, we ordered

his body to be flung into the street to the dogs, and the townsfolk mourned him and his sin ; for three days they importuned God diligently that on the Day of Judgement he might be pardoned. Through pity for Struna he had brought this dire calamity upon himself, and on the third day His Grace and I read the Office over his body. But enough of this woeful business!

At this time an edict arrived, ordering that I should be taken from Tobolsk to the Lena, in that I had condemned Nikon from the Scriptures and pronounced him a heretic.[1] At that time a letter came from Moscow telling how two brothers, who lodged in the Tsarina's apartments at the top of the palace, had both of them died of the plague, together with their wives and children, and many also of their friends and kinsfolk; God was pouring forth the vials of His wrath on the kingdom. But they, wretched men, knew not this and continued making disturbance in the Church. Then Neronov spoke to the Tsar, saying: "The visitation for schism is threefold: plague, the sword, and division". And thus has it come to pass in our days, even now; but the Lord is merciful. When He has punished us to bring us to repentance, then has He mercy

[1] This was the result of Struna's *Words of the Tsar.*

on us and, driving away the ills of our souls and bodies, He giveth quietness. I preach Christ and my hope is in Him; I confidently await His mercy and I believe in the Resurrection of the Dead.

So once more I got into the boat that had been assigned me—as I have said before—and sailed towards the Lena. And when I reached Eniseisk I was met by another edict, wherein I was ordered to get me to Dauria—it would be more than twenty thousand versts from Moscow—and to give myself over to Athanasius Pashkov as chaplain to his troops that numbered 600 men, and, for my sins, he was a fierce hard man, and it was ever his custom to burn folk and torture them, and beat them, and many times did I try to persuade him to desist, and now I was in his hands, and from Moscow came an order from Nikon that I was to be tormented.

On our journey from Eniseisk, it would be on the great Tunguska river, a storm sunk my raft. It foundered completely in mid-stream and it was full of water and its sail was in tatters, only the deck remained above water, all the rest was under water. My wife, bareheaded [1] as she was, managed, I know not how, to drag the children out of

[1] It was unseemly for a married woman to be without a coif.

the water on to the deck, but I, looking up at the sky, cried out: "O Lord! Save us! O Lord! Help us!" And by God's will we were driven to the shore; but why multiply words?

From another raft two men were wrenched away and drowned in the water. After that, when we were come to ourselves, we set out once more on our way.

When we came to the Shaman rapids, diverse folk came sailing out to meet us, and with them were two widows; one of them was aged about sixty; and the other was older, and they were travelling by boat to a nunnery where they were to take the veil. And this Pashkov was minded to send them back, and to give them by force in marriage; and I said to him: "It is against the Canons of the Church to give such women in marriage". And in lieu of heeding my words and letting the widows go, he waxed angry and devised how he might torment me.

In other rapids—called the long rapids—he set about driving me from the raft. "You bring bad luck", says he, "to the raft. You're a heretic," says he; "off with you to the mountains! It is not for such as you to keep company with Cossacks." Alackaday! The mountains were high, the ravines impassable, there was a stone crag that stood

there like a wall—you'd crick your neck before you saw its top. In these mountains great serpents were to be found, and in them dwelt geese and ducks with red feathers, and black crows, and grey jackdaws; in these mountains were also eagles, and hawks, and gerfalkons and guinea-fowl and pelicans, and swans and other wild things in plenty, every variety of bird. Moreover, on these mountains many wild beasts wandered at liberty: wild goats, and deer and bison, and elk, and boars, and wolves, and wild sheep—clearly to be seen but not to be caught.

Pashkov was of a mind to turn me out into these mountains to live with beasts and birds, and I wrote him a little letter that began thus: "O man! Fear God who sits on the Cherubim and gazes into the abyss; before Him tremble the celestial powers and every creature including man; thou alone despisest Him and doest things that are not seemly", and so forth. It was a long letter; and I sent it to him. And some fifty men rushed on me; they seized my raft and hastened towards him, who was distant some three versts; and I stood there, boiling some porridge for the Cossacks and I fed them with it; and they, poor souls, ate of it and trembled, and some of them, looking at me, began to weep for me. They dragged up the raft; the

executioners seized me and led me before him. He was standing with drawn sword, shaking with rage; he began to speak to me, saying, "What are you? A parson, or an unfrocked one?" And I answered, "I am Avvakum, the archpriest; speak! what is your business with me?" Then he roared like a wild beast, and struck me a great blow first on one cheek and then on the other, and then again on the head, and knocked me off my feet; and seizing his leather sword-strap struck me, where I lay, thrice on the back, and then, tearing off my shift, gave me seventy-two strokes on my naked back with the knout. And I kept saying, "O Lord Jesus Christ, Son of God! Help me!" And this I kept repeating without pause, so that it was bitter to him, in that I did not say, "Have mercy". At each stroke I said a prayer, but in the middle of the flogging I screamed to him, "You've beat me enough, I say"; so he ordered that it should stop. And I said to him, "Why do you beat me—do you know?" And he ordered them to beat me again on the ribs; and then they stopped; and I was trembling all over, and I fell. And he ordered them to drag me off to the raft that carried the money bags: they put fetters on my hands and feet and flung me on to the deck. It was autumn, the rain fell on me

all night, and there was a pool where I was lying. When they were beating me it did not hurt because of the prayers I was saying; but now, as I lay, the thought came to me: "Son of God, why didst Thou permit them to beat me so sorely? Look thee, Lord, I was championing the widow, consecrated to Thee. Who shall judge between Thee and me? When I was living as an evil man, Thou didst not chastise me thus; but now I know not in what I have sinned." Ay! There was a righteous man for you, another dung-faced Pharisee, wishing, forsooth, to judge the Almighty! If Job spoke in that fashion it was because he was a perfect and an upright man; and, moreover, he knew not the Scriptures, for he dwelt outside the Law in a barbarian land, and it was through Creation, not through Revelation, that he learned to know God. But I, in the first place, was a sinful man, and, in the second place, I was learned in the Law and the Prophets and was fortified by the Scriptures in all my goings: "*We must, through much tribulation, enter into the Kingdom of God*"; and yet had I reached such a pitch of folly. Woe is me! How came it that the raft did not founder with me in the water? Then my bones began to ache, my veins to grow rigid, my heart to palpitate, verily, I was dying; the

water began to splash into my mouth, then I heaved a sigh, yea, I repented before the Almighty, for, verily, the sweet Lord of compassion remembers not against us our former transgressions when once we have repented of them; and once more I ceased to feel the pain.

In the morning they flung me on to a small craft and carried me away. Then we came to the great rapids of the Padun, where the river is a verst in breadth, and there are three exceeding steep reefs stretching across the whole of the river, and, except you find the passages between them, your boat will be shattered into splinters. They brought me into the rapids: above was rain and snow, and they flung over my shoulders nought but a mangy little kaftan; the water flowed over my belly and my spine—my poor body was in sorry plight. They took me out of the raft and, skirting the rapids, they dragged me over the stones in fetters. Verily I was in a sad plight, but with my soul it was well; I was no longer peevish with God. Once again there came into my head the words spoken by the Prophets and the Apostles: "*My son, despise thou not the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of him.*

"*For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth,*

and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." "*If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons; for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not?*"

And with these words I comforted myself.

And after that they brought me to the fortress of Bratsky, and flung me into a dungeon, and gave me straw to lie upon. And there I lay till Advent, in a freezing tower; these are the seasons when winter reigns, but God kept me warm, and that without garments. Like a poor dog I lay on the straw; and sometimes they fed me, and sometimes they did not; there were many mice and I would strike at them with my biretta—the fools had not given me a stick; I lay all the time on my belly, my back was covered with sores, and of fleas and lice there was abundance. I would fain have cried on Pashkov to pardon me; but it would have been contrary to God's will, it was ordained that I should endure. Then they moved me to a warm hut, and there I dwelt in fetters with hostages and dogs the whole winter; and my wife had been sent with the children some twenty versts away. And all the winter her serving-wench, Ksenia, tormented her with her tantrums and complaints. After Christmas my son Ivan, who was still but a little lad, stole away from home that he might dwell with me; and Pashkov

ordered him to be flung into the freezing dungeon where I lay; dear little lad, he spent the night there and was nigh froze to death; and in the morning Pashkov ordered him back to his mother and I saw him no more; it was all he could do to drag himself home to his mother from the frost-bites to his hands and feet.

In spring we set out once more. There remained but scant provision, for the first store had all been robbed—books and garments and other sundries had all been taken; but the second store remained. I came near again to drowning on the lake of Baikal; I was made to pull a towing-rope on the Khilok River, and up stream it was mighty hard going. And there was no time for eating nor for sleeping; for a whole year I suffered from the hardships of water-travel; the folk kept dying, and my feet and belly were blue. For two summers we journeyed by water and in the winter we were towed along by haulage. And, as I have said, on this same Khilok for the third time I came nigh to drowning. My boat was sucked by the current from the shore, and the boats of the other folk stayed where they were, but mine was caught up and carried away. My wife and children had remained on shore, and the boat bolted with the steersman and me; she was pitched and tossed on the

swirling water, but I climbed on to her and cried out, "Help, Blessed Virgin! Thou our Hope and Defence. Let me not be drowned!' Sometimes my feet would be in the water and sometimes I would scramble to the top; she was carried on for a verst and more, and then the folk stopped her and she was shattered to fragments. Ay, what could one do if Christ and the Immaculate Mother of God so willed it? And I climbed out of the water laughing, but the folk were weeping, and they spread out my garments on the bushes—cloaks of satin and taffetas, and sundry trifles: for I still had a store of such things in chests and coffers, but from that day they were rotted. But Pashkov was feign to give me another flogging. "You're making yourself a laughing-stock," said he. And once again I importuned the sweet Mother of God: "Our Lady! Soothe thy fool!" And she, our Hope, did soothe him, and he began to concern himself about me.

Our next stage was the Lake of Irgen. There is there a haulage and in the winter we began hauling; he took from me my workmen, and would not permit me to hire others, and we had small children—many mouths and none to fill them; this poor hapless wretch of an archpriest set to to fashion a dog-sleigh for himself and started hauling. That spring we began to sail down the Ingoda River

—it was the fourth summer of my journey from Tobolsk. They were floating logs for the building of houses and towns. There began to be nothing to eat, the folk began to die of hunger and from ceaseless working in the water; shallow was the river, heavy were the rafts, merciless were the taskmasters, stout were the sticks, gnarled were the cudgels, cutting were the knouts, cruel were the sufferings—fire and wrack; the folk were so spent with hunger that let him [1] but start tormenting one of them, and lo! he was dead on his hands. Ah, me! What a time! It would almost seem that he was out of his mind. There remained to Dame Avvakum one Moscow gown that had not been rotted with damp. It would have fetched 25 roubles and more in Moscow; but in these parts they gave us four sacks of rye for it, and we dragged on for another year, living on the Nercha River, and keeping ourselves alive with the roots and herbs that grew on the banks. One after another the folk died of hunger, and he saw to it that none of them ran away, and they were circumscribed within a small space, and they would wander over the steppes and fields, digging up grasses and roots, and we with them. And in winter we would live on fir-cones, and sometimes

[1] Athanasius Pashkov.

God would send mare's flesh, and sometimes we found the bones of stinking carcasses of wild beasts left by the wolves, and what had not been eaten up by the wolves that did we eat; and some would eat frozen wolves and foxes—in truth, any filth that they could lay their hands on. A mare foaled, and, in secret, the starving folk devoured the foal together with the caul. And Pashkov got wind of it, and he flogged them with his knout to the point of death. And another mare died, and desperation seized them all, inasmuch as they had pulled the foal out of her, stealing a march on nature. When nought but the head had as yet emerged from the womb, they tore it out, yea, and they began to eat the blood that came away with it. Ah, me! What a time! And two of my little sons died from these sore straits, and roaming the hills and the sharp rocks with my children that survived, naked and barefoot, living on grass and roots, what did I not endure? And I, sinful man, partook willy-nilly of mare's flesh and foul carrion and the flesh of birds. Woe for my sinful soul! Who will pour water on my head and unseal for me the fountain of tears, even that I may weep for the poor soul that is mine, which I have been destroying with my daily appetites? But in Christ's name a great lady helped us,

the captain's daughter-in-law, Eudokia Kirilovna, and also his, Athanasius's, wife, Thekla Semenovna; in secret they would give us some comfort against a death from starvation. Without his knowledge they would sometimes send us a piece of meat, sometimes a circular loaf, sometimes flour and oats, as much as ever they could, and sometimes one of them would save up ten pounds of flour and some coins and sometimes twenty pounds and hand it over to us, and sometimes she would rake out the chicken's food from the trough. My daughter, the hapless lass Agraphena, would go in secret under her window. And it was both pitiful and laughable! Sometimes, without the lady's knowledge, they would chase the child from the window, and sometimes she would come home burdened with a nice little store; at that time she was still but a child, but now she is twenty-seven. My poor little maid! She dwells unwed with her younger sisters by the Mezen, living from hand to mouth and weeping; and their mother and brothers lie buried in a dungeon in the earth. But what would you? Let every man endure great tribulation for Christ's sake! With God's help let even that which has been ordained come to pass, and let us suffer tribulation for the sake of the Christian faith. The archpriest used to

love keeping company with the great but love in place of that, poor wretch, to endure even to the end; for it is written: "*Better is the end of a thing than the beginning thereof*". Enough of this: let us return to the previous matter.

We continued in the land of Dauria in dire straits some six or seven years, but during some of these years there would at times be some little balm, and he, Athanasius, slandering me, ceaselessly sought my death. And during these lean years he sent me of his own accord two widows—they were servants in his house and dear to him—Mary and Sophia, clothed about with an unclean spirit; many times had he tried spells and incantations upon them, but it had availed him nought; and tongues had begun to wag concerning the matter, whereupon the imp of hell would start tormenting them most cruelly, and they would twist themselves and shriek. He summoned me and, bowing to me, said, "I pray you take them home with you and physick them with prayer to God; God will hearken to you". And I answered him, "My Lord! What you ask of me is beyond my powers. But by the prayers of the holy Fathers of our Church all things are possible to God." So I took the poor souls home—if it was presumptuous in me may I be for-

given. I had had some experience in such matters in Russia. Three or four persons possessed by an unclean spirit had, in former times, been brought to my house, and with the prayers of the holy Fathers I had cast out the imps of hell by the action and will of the living God and of our Lord Jesus Christ, Son of God, Light of the World. I had sprinkled them with tears and with water and anointed them with oil, chanting prayers the while, in the name of Christ, and the holy magic of these things had driven the imps out of these persons, and they had been healed—not by any virtue in me—by no means ; but by their own faith. Of old time an ass was made the instrument by which a blessing came to Balaam, and by a lynx a blessing came to Julian the martyr, and by a stag to Sisinius: they spoke with a human voice. God whensoever He chooses triumphs over Nature's laws. Read the life of Theodore of Edessa; there will you find that a harlot raised a man from the dead; in the *Christian's Pilot*[1] it is written: "*Not for all men are the gifts of the Holy Ghost, but all men can He leaven, excepting only heretics*".

So they brought me these two women that were possessed; and I, as the custom is, myself fasted and would not let them eat,

[1] The Byzantine digest of Canon law.

and I prayed and anointed them with oil and tried every remedy I knew. And the good wives returned to health and to their right minds; and I confessed them and administered the Sacrament to them; and they tarried in my house, praying to God, for they loved me and would not go home. And it came to his knowledge that they had become my ghostly daughters; and he was angered against me, more fiercely than before, and he was feign to burn me alive. "You have wormed out of them in the confessional", said he, "private matters concerning me." And how, forsooth, can one administer the Sacrament to a man if one has not first confessed him? And if you do not administer the Sacrament to the possessed, you'll in no wise succeed in casting out of them the imps of hell. A devil is not a moujik, forsooth, that he should fear the stick; what he fears is the Cross of Christ, and holy water and holy oil, but before the Body of Christ he flies. Without the Blessed Sacrament I cannot heal; in our Orthodox faith there is no Communion without Confession; in the Roman faith they pay no heed to Confession; but to us, the Orthodox observers, this is not seemly, and for us the Sacrament of Penance must ever first be sought. And if in your need you cannot have a priest, then confess your sins

to some discreet brother, and, beholding your contrition, God will pardon you; and then, having read through the Canon of the Mass before communicating, keep by you some reserved sacrament. And, whensoever you are away on a journey or engaged in traffic or whatever it may be that takes you far from a church, if you have first given sighs of contrition to the Lord and have confessed to your brother, as has been said above, then may you partake with a clear conscience of the Blessed Sacrament and all will be well, if you have first fasted and read through the Canon of the Mass: take then a little casket and spread a napkin in it, and light a candle, and pour a little water into a cup, and ladle some out in a spoon, and place with prayer a portion of Christ's Body in the water in the spoon, and cense it all with a censer; and weeping say out loud the whole of the prayer that begins: "O Lord! I believe and confess that thou art Christ, the son of the living God". (It is written in the Canon of the Mass.) Then, throwing yourself on the ground before the eikon, ask for forgiveness and, standing up, kiss the holy image; and, having signed yourself, communicate with prayer, and drink a little of the water and pray again to God, saying, "Now glory to Christ!" Even if you die the minute

after, it will be well with you. Enough of that matter, you yourselves know that it is good counsel. Now I shall go on with the story of the women.

Pashkov took the poor widows away from me, and in lieu of gratitude he gave me harsh words. He hoped that Christ had settled the matter once and for all; but they began to rave worse than before. He shut them up in an empty outhouse and allowed no one access to them; then he summoned a monk to them, but they flung logs at him, and he scuttled away. I sat at home weeping, and I knew not what to do. I did not dare to go up to the big house, for he was mighty wroth with me; so in secret I sent them holy water, and told them to wash themselves and drink a little of it, and, poor souls, their sufferings were eased a little. And in secret they stole off to me, and I anointed them with oil in the name of Christ, and once again God granted that they should be healed, and they returned home; and by night they would escape to me in secret to pray to God. And they became exceeding good church-women; they put aside vanities and began to follow all the observances of the Church; and afterwards in Moscow they went with their lady to dwell in the nunnery of the Ascension. Glory to God for them!

And then from the Nercha River we began to journey back to Russia; for five weeks we travelled on the naked ice in sledges. I was given two sorry nags for my children and my baggage, while myself and Dame Avvakum, we made our way on foot, stumbling over the ice. The country was barbarous, the natives were hostile, so we feared to get separated from the others, and yet we could not keep up with the horses—for we were a hungry weary pair; and my poor old woman tramped along, tramped along, and at last she fell, and another weary soul stumbled over her, and he fell too; they both screamed, and were not able to get up. The man cried out, "Oh, good wife! Oh, my lady! Your pardon!" and my old woman answered, "Fie, gossip! Would you crush me to death?" And I came up, and she, poor soul, began to complain to me, saying, "How long, archpriest, are these sufferings to last?" And I said, "Markovna! till our death". And she, with a sigh, answered, "So be it, Petrovitch; let us be getting on our way".

And we had a pet, a black hen, and she laid two eggs a day to feed the children, by God's will, helping us in our need; it was God's doing. But when they were carrying out the baggage to the dog-sledge, she was crushed to

death, for our sins, and to this day whenever I think of that hen my heart aches for her. I know not an it were hen or miracle: all the year round she laid two eggs a day, and we would not have taken a hundred roubles for her—nay, we would have spat on them! mere dross! And that hen, God's living creature, fed us, and she would take her meals with us, pecking at the porridge of fir-cones in the cauldron, and pecking at the fish, and in exchange she gave us two eggs a day. Glory to God, who fashions all things well! And we had come by her in no ordinary way. My lady's hens had one after another turned blind, and they began to die, whereupon she gathered them into a basket and sent them to me. "And may it please you, Father," said she, "to pray over the hens." And I considered: she was a lady bountiful to us, she had children, and she had need of the hens. So I chanted a prayer and blessed some water and sprinkled the hens and censed them. Then I went to the forest and fashioned them a trough from which to eat, and sprinkled it with holy water, and sent the whole baggage back to her. And by a wave of God's hand the hens were healed, because of her faith. And it was from that same brood that our hen came; but enough of this matter; it was not the first miracle that Christ had brought to pass. Already

Kosma and Damian had blessed and healed both men and cattle in the name of Christ. God has a use for everything: cattle and fowls — they were created for the glory of His pure Majesty, and also for the sake of mankind.

So we made our way back to the Lake of Irgen. My lady had pity on us and sent us a little basket of wheat, so we had our fill of frumenty. Eudokia Kirilovna was a lady bountiful to me, but the Devil set her quarrelling with me in this manner: she had a son whose name was Simeon; he had been born in that place. It was I that had churched the mother and baptized the child, and every day they would send him to me for my blessing and I, having signed him with the Cross and sprinkled him with holy water, would kiss him and send him home; he was a fine healthy child and I loved him like my own. But the little lad began to ail, and I was away from home. And in a moment of pettiness of spirit she was vexed with me and sent the child to a medicine-man. And I, when I learned of it, was angry with her, and a wide breach came between us; the little boy began to ail still more, and his right hand and foot dried up, so that they were like little sticks. She grew ashamed; but she knew not what to do, and God oppressed her still further. The little

one became sick unto death, and the nurses came to me weeping and I said to them, "If the goodwife is a baggage, then let her keep herself *to* herself". For I was waiting that she should repent. I saw that the Devil had hardened her heart, and I bowed down before the Lord God, praying that He might bring her to her right mind. And the Lord, the God of Mercy, softened the rich soil of her heart, and early next morning she sent to me her second son, Ivan; with tears he begged forgiveness for his mother, walking round the stove and bowing before me; and I was lying on the stove, naked, under a covering made from birch-bark, and Dame Avvakum was lying within the stove, and the children anywhere. It was raining at the time; we had no covering, and our winter quarters were dripping, so we were in sorry straits. And I said to him, bringing him low, "Tell your mother that she must ask forgiveness of Aretha, the medicine-man". Then she brought the sick child to me and I ordered her to lay him before me, and they were all weeping and bowing themselves. And I arose and got me my stole out from the mess and dirt and found some holy oil, and, praying to God, I censed the boy and signed him with the sign of the Cross. And God granted that the child was healed, both in his hand and foot. And I sprinkled

him with holy water and sent him to his mother. Consider, thou who hearkenest to my story, what great things were compassed by a mother's penitence; it both physicked her own soul and healed her child. What then? It is not only to-day that God is with penitents. On the morrow she sent us fish and pies; and they were apt to our need, for we were starving; and that day we made our peace, she and I. When we had journeyed back from Dauria, she, sweet lady, died in Moscow, and I buried her in the nunnery of the Ascension.

And Pashkov himself learned of the affair with the boy, for she told him. I went to him and, bowing low before me, he, Pashkov, said, "God bless you! You have acted like a true priest; remember not our sins against us." And at that time he sent us no small store of food.

But in a very short space he was minded to torture me—hearken how it came about. He was sending his son, Eremy, off to fight in the kingdom of the Mongols, and with him some 72 Cossacks and some 20 natives. And he made a native to "*shamanit*",[1] that is to say, to tell their fortune, as to whether they would prosper and return home victorious. And in

[1] The Shamans were Siberian medicine-men. Avvakum gives to the Siberian word the form of the Russian infinitive.

the evening that wizard — it was near my winter quarters—brought a live sheep and began to work magic over it: he rolled it to and fro for a long space and then he twisted its head and flung it away. Then he began to jump and dance, and invoke devils, and, giving great screams the while, he flung himself upon the earth, and foamed at the mouth; the devils were pressing him, and he asked them, "Will the expedition prosper?" And the devils said, "It will return with much booty, having gained a great victory". And the captains were glad; and all the folk, rejoicing, cried, "We will come home rich!" Oh, lack a day! It was bitter then, and even now it is not sweet to think upon. I, a bad shepherd, made my sheep to perish; from vexation of spirit I forgot the words of the Gospel, when the Sons of Zebedee counselled our Lord concerning the stubborn villagers, saying:—

"*Lord, wilt thou that we command fire to come down from heaven and consume them, even as Elias did?*"

"*But He turned and rebuked them, and said, Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of.*"

"*For the Son of Man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them. And they went to another village.*"

But I, accursed, did not so. In my poor room I cried with a great cry to the Lord, "Hearken to me, my God! Hearken to me, King of Heaven! Sweet Lord! Hearken to me! Let not one of them return home; and dig a grave for every one of them yonder! Lay on them an evil fate, O Lord! Bring them to destruction, so that the Devil's prophecy may not be fulfilled." And many like words did I say, and in secret I prayed to God concerning it. They told him that I was praying thus, but he did but snarl abuses at me. Then he sent off his son with the captain; they rode off at night, directing their course by the stars. And I was seized with pity for them, for my soul foresaw that they would perish; nevertheless, I continued praying for their destruction, and some of them, as they passed, called out good-bye to me, and I called back, "You will die yonder". And, as they rode off, the horses under them began to whinny, and the cows that were there to low, and the sheep and goats to bleat, and the dogs to howl, and the natives to howl, like the dogs. Terror seized them all. With tears Eremy sent me word, "that it may please my lord and ghostly father to pray for me". And I was seized with pity for him, for he had been my secret friend and had suffered for my sake. When his father was flogging me

with the knout, he had tried to dissuade him, so that his father had chased him with drawn sword. And when they arrived after me, at other rapids, those of the Pandun, forty rafts all got through the straits in safety; but his, Athanasius's own raft, though her rigging was excellent and six hundred Cossacks had been set to build her, yet were they not able to get her through: the waters overcame them, or rather God was punishing him: all the crew were sucked into the water, and the raft was hurled against a rock; the waters splashed up against it, but did not flow into it. It is marvellous to watch God's lessons to the foolish! He himself was on the shore, and his lady was on the raft, and Eremy began to speak, saying, "Father! God will punish you for your sins; you flogged the archpriest with that knout unjustly; it is time to repent, my lord!" But he roared at him, like a wild beast, and Eremy, dodging behind a fir, clasped his hands and repeated the *Lord have mercy upon us.* But Pashkov, having seized a ringed musket, one that never missed, from an attendant, took aim at his son and pulled the trigger, and by God's will the weapon missed fire. Then, having adjusted the powder, he fired again, and again it missed fire. And he did the same a third time, and the third time, also, it missed fire. So he flung

it on the ground, and the attendant picked it up and threw it out of the way, and it went off of its own accord.

And Pashkov sat him down on a chair and, leaning on his sword, he came to his right mind, and beginning to weep, he said, "I have sinned, accursed that I am, I have spilt innocent blood, I flogged the archpriest unjustly, God will punish me". It was strangely, strangely in accord with the words, *God is slow to anger and swift to hearken.* For because of his repentance the raft floated away from the reef; its prow was towards the water; and they pulled it from the shore and it leapt out into a lower level of the water. Then Pashkov called his son to him, and entreated him, saying, "Forgive me, Eremy, you spoke truly!" and he, running up, and bowing before his father, said, "It is God, my lord, that will forgive you; for I myself am guilty before God and before you". And he took his father's hand, and led him away. Eremy was a righteous-minded man, and a virtuous one; already was his own beard grey, and yet he honoured his father exceedingly, and feared him, and according to the Scriptures it is seemly so to do, for God loves the children that honour their fathers. Come then, hearkener to my story! Is it not true that Eremy had suffered for

my sake, and for the sake of Christ and His Law?

And all this was recounted to me by the helmsman of his, Athanasius's raft, by name Gregory Tielnoy. Let us return to the previous matter.

They went away, then, from me, and rode off to the wars; and pity seized me for Eremy, and I began to importune God Almighty that He might protect him. Time passed and they were expected home from the wars, and the day came fixed for their return, but they came not; and during three days Pashkov refused me admittance to his house. And at last he prepared a torture-chamber, and had a fire kindled; he wished to torture me. And I was repeating prayers for my latter end, for I knew what manner of cook he was and that few came out alive from his roasting. And I sat waiting in my house, and I said to my wife, who was weeping, and to my children, " God's will be done! For whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord." And lo! at that moment I saw two executioners come hurrying in to seize me. Marvellous are the acts of the Lord, and unspeakable the counsels of Almighty God! Suddenly Eremy himself, wounded, comes riding along by the little path that goes past my house and garden,

and he calls out to the executioners, and makes them turn back with him; and he, Pashkov, left the torture-chamber and came towards his son, staggering like a drunk man from grief. And Eremy, bowing low to his father, acquainted him with all that had taken place: how all his troops had been slaughtered, no single man surviving; and how a native had led him, through wild and lonely places, away from the Mongolian people; and how, without food, they had wandered over stony mountains and through the forest for seven days, having nought to eat but one squirrel; and how a man in my image had appeared to him in a dream and had shown him the path, and whither he must journey; and how he had leapt up and gone on his way rejoicing. When he had recounted all to his father, then I came in to greet him. But Pashkov rolled his eyes at me—the very spit of a white polar bear, and he would have gobbled me up alive, only the Lord did not grant that it should be so—and, drawing in his breath, he said, "What think you of your handiwork? How many men, think you, have you caused to perish?" But Eremy said to me, "Father Avvakum! for Christ's sake, get thee gone, and do not bandy words with him". And I went.

For ten years he had tormented me, or I

him—I know not which. God will decide on the Day of Judgement. A change of post came for him, and for me a letter; we were ordered back to Russia. He went away and did not take me with him, for in his heart he was saying, " If he travels back alone, then surely the natives will slay him ". He and his guns and his folk, they sailed away on rafts, and, on my own journey back, I learned from the natives that they were a timid, trembling crew. And I, a month afterwards, having assembled the aged, and the sick, and the wounded, whatever there was there of useless folk (there would be ten of them, and I with my wife and children would bring it to seventeen), got into a boat, and, putting our trust in Christ and fixing the Cross to our prow, we started on our way, wherever God should lead us, fearing nothing. I gave the book, the *Christian's Pilot*, to the clerk, and he gave me a fellow for steersman in exchange; and he manumitted my friend Basil, the same that was wont to denounce folk to Pashkov and was the cause that much blood was shed, and he sought my life also. And at one time, having flogged me, he fastened me to the stake, but once again God kept me safe; and when Pashkov was gone the Cossacks wished to flog him to death, but I begged him off for Christ's sake and gave the money for

his manumission to the clerk, and carried him back to Russia, from death to life. Poor soul, may he repent his sins! Ay, and I took back with me another lousy spy of the same kidney; him they did not wish to give up to me, and he fled from death to the forest, and, coming upon me on the path, he flung himself into my boat, for he was pursued and had nowhere to turn. And I, forgive me, acted cunningly. As Rahab, the harlot of Jericho, hid Joshua the son of Nun, so did I hide him, making him lie down at the bottom of a chest, and I flung a coverlet over him, and ordered my wife and daughter to lie on the top of him; they sought him high and low, but they would not disturb my wife from her place, and all they said was, "Rest in peace, Mother Avvakum! You have had enough to endure, as it is, my lady." And I—for God's sake forgive me—I lied that day, and I said, "He is not here"—I was loth to give him up to be slain. And when they had searched they went away empty-handed, and I carried him back to Russia. Elder and servant of Christ![1] Forgive me, then, in that I lied that day. How think you, it may be that it was not a very grievous sin? It would seem that Rahab the harlot did

[1] This is addressed to his ghostly father, Epiphanius. *Vide* p. 33.

likewise, and the Scriptures praise her for it; give judgement, then, for God's sake: and if I acted sinfully, then pardon me; but if I acted in accordance with the traditions of the Church, then is it well. See, I have left a space for you, and do you, with your own hand, write in either forgiveness or penance for me and my wife and my daughter, for we all three shared in the cheat—we saved a man from death that he might repent before the Lord. Judge us then so that we shall not be judged for it by Christ on the Day of Judgement; write in a few words, I pray you:—

God pardons thee and blesses thee in this life and the life to come, together with thy helpmeet Anastasia, and thy daughter, and all thy house: thou hast acted rightly and justly. Amen.[1]

So be it then, my elder. God bless you for your graciousness. But enough of this.

The clerk gave us sacks of corn to the value of thirty silver pieces, and a cow, and five or six sheep, and dried meat, and this we fed on for the summer, as we sailed on our way. The clerk was a good soul; he had been sponsor to my daughter Ksenia, who had been born in the days of Pashkov, but Pashkov would not give me myrrh and oil,

[1] In the original manuscript this is in the writing of Epiphanius.

so she had to stay long unchristened; but when he was gone I christened her (I myself churched my wife and baptized my children),[1] and the clerk and my eldest daughter were the gossips, and I was the parson. In this manner, then, I also christened my son Athanasius, and both confessed my own children and administered the Sacrament to them during the Mass I said at Mezen, and I myself communicated, but I did not administer it to my wife: there are instructions concerning this in the rubric, wherein we are bade so to do. But as to my excommunication, it came from heretics and, in Christ's name, I trample it under foot, and the curse written against me—why, not to mince my words, I wipe my arse with that; if the heretics curse me, the saints of Moscow—Peter, and Alexis, and Jonah, and Philip—*they* bless me; and in accordance with their books, with a clear conscience I believe in and serve my God; but the apostates I loathe and curse: they are God's enemies and, living in Christ, I do not fear them. Were they to heap stones on me then, secure in the tradition of the Fathers, I would lie in peace beneath these stones—how much more so beneath the thorny, knavish curses of

[1] In ordinary circumstances it is against the Canons of the Orthodox Church for a father to baptize his own children.

Nikon! Tush! Why multiply words? All we need do is to spit on their doings and their ritual, and on their new-fangled books, then all will be well. Our following discourse will be pleasing to Christ and the Immaculate Mother of God, so enough of their knavery. Pardon me, good Nikonites, for having abused you; live as ye will. As for me, I am now about to take up again my tale of woe, so go your ways in peace. For twenty years God has willed that I should be tormented by you, and should it be for twenty more, then will I endure it, in the name of the Lord our God and of our Saviour Jesus Christ. Enough of this. I have wandered, as it is, far enough from my story—let us return to it.

So I left Dauria; the food began to grow scarce, so I prayed together with my company, and Christ gave us a roe-buck, a huge beast, and on him we lived till we reached Baikal. There, by the lake, we came on Russian folk —a settlement of sable-hunters and of fishermen; they were right glad to see us, dear souls, and we them, and they dragged us and our boat to shore, and led us far inland to the hills. There was a dear lad called Terenty, and he and his comrades gazed on us, and we on them—dear souls—with tears of joy. And they snowed meat and drink on us, as much as ever we needed. They

brought me some forty freshwater sturgeons, saying, "There, Father! God sent them into our fishery for you. Take them all." I, bowing to them, blessed the fish and bade them take them back, saying, "What need have I of so many?" They entertained me there and, from dire need, I accepted from them some provision. Then, having repaired our boat, we let out our sails, and prepared to cross the lake. But the lake grew rough, so we took to our oars. In that place the lake is very broad—it must be a hundred or at least eighty versts. When we stood to the shore there sprang up a tempest and we were forced to find a shelter from the waves on the shore. The place was surrounded by high mountains: I have wandered over the face of the earth 20,000 versts and more, but never have I seen their like. On their summit are tents and earthen huts, portals and towers, stone walls and courts, all neatly fashioned. Onions grow on them and garlic, bigger than the Romanov onion, and exceeding sweet to the taste; there also grows wild hemp, and in the gardens fine grass and exceeding fragrant flowers, and there is great quantity of birds—geese and swans that fly over the lake like snow. And there are fishes—sturgeon and trout, sterlet and salmon-trout and whiting and many other kinds; it

is fresh water and in that mighty ocean lake there are sea-calves and great sea-hares. I saw none such during all the time that I was living on the Mezen; and the fish in it are of a great weight, the sturgeon and salmon-trout are exceeding fleshy — they are not for frying, for it would be naught but fat. And all this has been fashioned by our sweet Christ for man, so that, with a mind at last at rest, he might give praise to God. But such is man that he is given to vanity, and his days go by like a shadow: he leaps, like a goat; he blows himself out, like a bubble; he rages, like a lynx; he seeks to devour, like a serpent; when he looks on the comeliness of his neighbour he neighs like a foal; he is crafty, like a fiend; when he has eaten his fill then, like an heathen, he falls asleep, without saying his prayers; he puts off repenting till his old age and then he vanishes; we know not where,—whether it be to light or darkness: it will be shown on the Day of Judgement. Forgive me; I myself have sinned more than other men.

So we reached Russian settlements, and I was informed concerning the Church, and like Pilate, I saw that I "*could prevail nothing, but that rather a tumult was made*". My mind was troubled and, sitting down, I began to ponder what I should do—should I

continue preaching God's Word or should I hide myself? For I was tied by my wife and children. And seeing that I was troubled my wife came up to me, timidly, delicately, and said, "How comes it, my lord, that you are troubled?" And I acquainted her with all my thoughts. "Wife! What must I do? The Winter of Heresy is at the door; am I to speak or to hold my peace? I am tied by you!" And she said to me, "Lord have mercy! What are you saying, Petrovitch? Have I not heard, have you not read, the words of the Apostle: *Art thou bound unto a wife? seek not to be loosed. Art thou loosed from a wife? seek not a wife.* I and the children, we give you our blessing, continue preaching the Word of God as heretofore, and take no thought for us until such time as shall seem good to God; when that time comes, remember us in your prayers; Christ is strong and He will not abandon us. Get thee gone, get thee gone to church, Petrovitch! Unmask the Whore of Heresy!" And I bowed myself to the earth before her, and shook myself free from the blindness of a troubled mind and began once more to preach and teach God's Word in the towns and in all places until such time as I could boldly tear the mask from the heresy of Nikon.

In Eniseysk I wintered, and having sailed

thro' the summer again I wintered in Tobolsk; and on my way as far as Moscow I cried aloud in every town and in every village, in churches and in market-places, preaching the Word of God and teaching and laying bare the snares of the ungodly. And thereon I came to Moscow. Three years was I in coming from Dauria, and it took me five years travelling upstream. We journeyed ever eastward amid native tribes and habitations. Much might be said of that. Sometimes we fell into the hands of the natives; at Obi, the mighty river, in my presence they put to death twenty men who were Christians. And they were minded to do the like to me, but they let me go altogether. And again on the Irtysh river there was standing a company of them — they were lying in ambush for our men of Berezov to slay us— but I knew it not and I went up towards them. And when I was come up to them I put in to the bank. In a moment they were round about me with their bows, and I, I tell you, went forth to embrace them as tho' they were monks and I spoke and said, "Christ be with me and with you too". And they entreated me kindly and they brought their wives to my wife. And my wife dissembled with them, as in the world they are wont to employ flattery; and the women folk were

kindly and we felt it: when the women folk are good, then under Christ all is well. The men hid their bows and arrows. I bought some bear's flesh from them and they let me go free. As I was saying, I was come to Tobolsk. And the folk were astonished thereat, for Bashkirs and the Tartars were scouring all Siberia. But I, trusting in Christ, went thro' their midst. And when I had reached Verkhoturie Ivan Bogdanovitch, my friend, was astonied at me. "How did you ever get thro', archpriest?" And I made answer, "Christ brought me thro', and the all-pure Mother of God brought me thro'. I fear no man, only Christ do I fear."

Thus did I come to Moscow, and as tho' I were an angel of God the Tsar and all his boyars received me gladly. I went to see Theodore Rtishchev; he came himself from his tent, received my blessing and began to speak of many things: for three days and three nights he suffered me not to go home, and thereafter he informed the Tsar concerning me. His Majesty gave command to place me at his side and spake kindly to me. "Art thou well in health, archpriest?" said he. "God bade me see thee again." And I in answer kissed his hand and pressed it, and myself said, "God lives and my spirit

lives, your Majesty! but for what is before us that God will ordain." And he sighed softly and went whither he had need. And other things happened, but what need to speak of it? That too passed by. He bade them place me in the guest-house of a monastery in the Kremlin, and when he passed my door going out on expeditions he often gave me greeting, bowing low, and himself would say, "Bless me", said he, "and pray for me"; and one time he took his fur cap from his head and let it fall as he was riding on horseback. He used to slip out of his carriage to come to me and all his boyars kept bowing and scraping, crying, "Archpriest, bless us and pray for us". How shall I not grieve for such a Tsar and such boyars? It grieves me to think how good they were, they gave me place wheresoever I wished, and they named me their confessor, that I might be made one with them in the faith. But I held all these things to be but vanity. And I gained Christ and was mindful of death, how all these things pass away.

And this was revealed to me in Tobolsk when I was half asleep. "Watch, I bid thee, that thou be not a branch cut off." I leapt up and fell before the eikon in great terror, and I spake and said, "Lord, I will not go

when they chant in new-fangled fashion; my God". I was at early mass in the cathedral on the name-day of the Tsarina. I was jesting with them in that Church in the presence of the officials, and from the moment of arrival I took notice whether they mixed the elements in triple or in twofold wise, and standing at the altar by the sacrificial table I abused them, and with time I got used to them, so I ceased from abusing them. Such was the bitter spirit of Antichrist that stung me.

Thus did our sweet Christ make me afraid and said to me, "After so great suffering wilt thou perish? Watch, lest I hew thee off as a dry branch." I went not to mass, but I went to sup with the prince, and I told him all, every word. A kind boyar prince, Ivan Andrew Chelkov, began to weep. Woe is me accursed one, that I forget so great mercy of God!

When I was at Dauria and I laboured as a fisherman, I went in the winter to my children, and I went along the lake on snow-shoes; there was no snow but great frosts, and the ice froze well-nigh the thickness of a man. I began to want to drink, and I suffered much from thirst. I couldn't go on, I was midway in the lake, I couldn't get to the water; the lake was eight versts. I began to look up to heaven and to say, "O Lord, thou didst cause

water to flow in the desert for the thirsty people of Israel, then and now art Thou; give me to drink by whatever means seem good to Thee. O Lord my God! Woe is me. I know not how to pray, forgive me for the Lord's sake. Who am I, a dead dog?" The ice gave a crack beneath me and split up to either side across the whole lake and came together again, and a great mountain of ice rose up, and while this was going on I stood in my accustomed place and looking towards the east I bowed twice or thrice, pronouncing the name of the Lord in a loud voice from the depths of my heart. God had left me a small hole in the ice, and I, falling down, slaked my thirst. And I wept and was glad, praising God. After that the hole in the ice joined up and I, rising up, bowed down to the Lord and then again ran along the ice whither I must needs go to my children. And in my other wanderings it often happened to me like this. I was either walking along, dragging my sledge or catching fish or cutting wood in the forest, or whatsoever I might be doing, I always recited my office at the regular time, whether it was morning mass or evening at the hours it was the custom; if I chanced to be among other people none could hinder me, but I would stand upright and none of my companions with me, for they did not love my office, and when

they were there it was impossible for me to carry it out, and I, going away from among men, would go thro' it in shortened form, either under a hill or in a wood, beating with my head against the earth, and sometimes I would weep and feel wounded. But if there should be people with me I would place the eikon on the sledge-rail and I would recite the office right thro', and some would pray with me, but others would cook their porridge; and when I am going in my sledge on Sundays in the guest-houses I sing the whole Church service, and on festival days when I am going in a sledge I will sing, and often on Sundays as I go along I would sing. And when I do it very persistently, sometimes I would grumble tho' only a little, for my body was a hungered and would fain eat, and was athirst and would fain drink, and likewise my spirit, O father Epiphanius, desires ghostly food—It is not the hunger for bread that destroys a man nor the thirst for water, but the great hunger of a man when he lives without praying to God.

If thou art not weary of listening to this thy servant of Christ, I, a sinner, will make known to thee this too, how often in the land of Daur, from loss of strength and from hunger I could not keep my rule, only a little of it could I keep, only the evening psalms and the midnight office at the first hour, but more than

that I could not: I dragged myself about like a poor beast. I was grieved about that office of mine, but I could not take it up. You see by now I had got so weak. But sometimes I went to the forest for wood, and while I was away my wife and children would sit on the ground by the fire, my daughter with her mother, and they would both cry. Agraphena, my poor unhappy one, was then not yet grown up. I came back from the wood—the child was sobbing hard. She could not speak for her tongue was fast bound, but she sat there and whimpered to her mother, and the mother looked at her and cried. But I breathed heavily and came near to the child with a prayer and said, "In the name of the Lord I bid thee speak to me and tell me why thou weepest". And she jumped up and bowed before me and began to speak clearly thus, "I do not know who it is, my Lord father, but there is a Shining One within me and he held me by my tongue and he would not let me speak to mother, and because of it I cried. But he said to me, 'Tell your father that he should recite his office as he used to do, and then ye all go forth again to Russia, but, if he does not keep his rule, about which he is himself troubled, then in this place ye shall all die, and he shall die with you'." At that time another thing of that sort was said to her,

that there would be an edict to fetch us, and how that many of our friends had perished in Russ; all this came to pass. I was to say to Pashkov that if he sang the morning and evening office then God would give fair weather, and the corn would grow and there would be constant rain, and they sowed wheat on a small plot a day or two before Peter's day, and immediately it sprouted and was all but rotted by the rains. I spoke to him about the evening and morning office and he set to do this. God sent fair weather, and the corn ripened immediately. What a miracle! It was sown late but it ripened early.

And again, poor man, he began to practise cunning arts about God's doings—the following year he sowed much, but an unwonted rain poured down, and the water overflowed from the river and drowned the ploughed fields and washed everything away, and it washed away our hut, and until that time there had never been water there, and the natives wondered. Mark you, as he went his way, so God moved in His mysterious way. At first he laughed at the news, but afterwards, when the child wanted to eat, he betook him to tears—and then I sought not to slacken about mine office. Enough of this have I spoken; let us return to our first subject. We must needs remember all these things and not

be forgetting them, so as not to lay aside any of God's doings in negligence and waste and not to alter them for the pleasure of this age of vanity.

Now I will tell of what was done at Moscow. They said that I was not at one with them. His Majesty bade Rodion Streshnev persuade me that I should hold my peace. And I did his bidding. The Tsar is set over us by God, and at this moment was kindly disposed towards me. So I hoped that little by little he would come to a better mind. They promised me on Simeon's day to place me at the printing-office to correct books, and I was exceedingly glad, for that pleased me better than to be the Tsar's confessor. I wanted something better than the confessional. I waited on him. He sent me 10 roubles and the Tsarina sent me 10. Luke, the confessor, sent me 10, and Rodion Streshnev also 10, and our old friend Theodor Rteschev then ordered them to slip into my hat 60 roubles from his official salary, but about that I was to say nothing! Each man put his hand in his pocket and brought out every manner of thing. I lived in the house of my dear one, Theodosia Prokofievna Morozova, and didn't go out, inasmuch as she was my ghostly daughter. And her sister, Princess Eudokia Prokofievna, was my daughter also.

My dear ones, martyrs for Christ! And I was ever in the house of Anna Petrovna Miloslavskaya, God rest her soul! And I went to Theodor Rtishchev's house to dispute with the apostles, and so lived about the space of half-a-year. And I saw that I prevailed nothing but that rather a tumult was made; again, I began to grumble, and I wrote to the Tsar many things to the effect that he should earnestly seek for the ancient piety and defend from heresy our common mother holy Church, and on the patriarchal throne he should place a shepherd of the orthodox faith in place of the wolf and apostate Nikon, him that was an evil-doer and a heretic. And when I had got ready the letter I had no more strength left in me: and I sent it forth on the journey to the Tsar by my ghostly son Theodor, the Fool in Christ, which Theodor they strangled at Mezene, hanging him upon the gallows-tree. Now he in all boldness approached the Tsar's carriage, and the Tsar bade him sit down with the letter near the great entrance: he did not perceive that the letter was from me. And afterwards, having the letter from him he bade let him go. And he—God rest his soul!—after staying a while with me again went into the church in the presence of the Tsar and began to play the fool as tho' he was half-witted. The Tsar was angry and bade

them send him away to the Chudov Monastery. There Paul the archimandrite bade them put fetters on him, and by the will of God the fetters brake to pieces upon his legs before the people. But he, God rest his soul! my friend! crept into the burning stove in the bakehouse after the loaves and sat on the grating with his naked rump and picked up the crumbs in the stove to eat of them. Then the monks were affrighted and told the archimandrite that Paul was now Metropolitan. He acquainted the Tsar with this, and the Tsar came to the Monastery and ordered them to let him go with honour. He again came to me, and from that day on the Tsar began to look askance at me. He was ill-pleased that I began again to speak. He would have liked me to hold my peace but that was not my way. And the bishops, like goats, began to leap up against me, and they plotted to send me in banishment from Moscow, for many of the Christians had come to me and perceiving the truth they would not walk in the service of a lie. And from the Tsar there came to me the accusation, "They tell me that the bishops bring complaint against thee; they say because of thee the churches are empty. Go again", said he, "into banishment." Thus spake the boyar Peter Michaelovitch Saltykov. And they

brought me to Mezen, and many good people gave me this and that in the name of Christ. And everything remained, only they took me with my wife and my children and my household. From town to town I taught the people of God and denounced them, the spotted beasts. And they brought us to Mezen.

Having endured for half-a-year, they took me again without my wife to Moscow, and my two sons journeyed with me, Ivan and Procopius. But my wife and the rest were all left at Mezen. And having brought us to Moscow they took us at first away to the Papneyntev Monastery, and there they sent us a letter, and they spake thus and thus: "Wilt thou so long vex us? be reconciled to us, dear old Avvakum!" But I refused as tho' they were devils. And they flew in my face.

Then I wrote them an answer with much violence of words, and I sent it by Kosma, a deacon of Yaroslav, by the sub-deacon of the patriarchal court—Kosma in public tried to over-persuade me, but in private he upheld me, speaking thus, "Archpriest, do not desert the ancient rites; a mighty man wilt thou be with Christ if thou wilt endure to the end—do not look to us for we are ruined". And I to him made answer that he should again stand

for Christ. And he said, " I cannot. Nikon has led me astray." And to speak shortly, he had denied Christ before Nikon, in that he had no strength to stand firm, my poor Kosma. I fell to crying; I blessed him, unhappy one—after that I had no more dealings with him; let God deal with him as seems good to him.

Thus having remained ten weeks in Paphnutiev in chains, they took me again to Moscow, and in the room of the Crosses the bishops held disputation with me. They led me to the Cathedral church, and after the Elevation of the Host they sheared me and the deacon Theodor, and then they cursed us and I cursed them back. And I was heavy at heart for the Mass. And after I had stayed for a time at the patriarchal court, they took us by night to Ugresha, to the monastery of St. Nicholas—and the enemies of God shaved off my beard. What would you? It is like unto wolves not to pity the sheep; they tore at my hair like dogs and only left one forelock—such as the Poles wear on their foreheads. They did it carrying me not along the road to the monastery but by the marshes and the quagmires that people might not see me. They themselves saw that they were behaving as fools but they did not wish to cease from their folly; the

devil had darkened their minds, why should one reproach them? It was not them or they would have been otherwise. The time had come spoken of in the Gospel. "*It must needs be that offences must come*," and another Evangelist saith: "*It must needs be that offences come, but woe unto him by whom offence cometh*". Look thou that readest! Our misery was of necessity, we might not escape it! For this cause God doth let loose offences and even that the elect may be enflamed and that they may be made white, even that temptations be made manifest in us. Satan has asked and obtained from God our bright shining Russia, that he might purple it with martyr's blood. Well, hast thou imagined this, O devil, and to us it is sweet to suffer for our Sweet Lord.

They kept me at Nikolas's in a cold room for seventeen weeks. There I had a visitation from God; read of it in the letter to the Tsar. And the Tsar came to the monastery and paid a visit to my prison-cell and gave a groan and then left the monastery; it seems from that that he was sorry for me, the will of God lay in that. When they had shorn me there was a very great disturbance among them with the Tsarina, God rest her soul! She, sweet lady, detected me at that time and asked to have me released from prison, as to

which there is much to be said; God forgive them! As to my sufferings I do not hold them answerable, neither now nor hereafter; it sufficeth me to pray to them, be they alive or be they dead. The devil set discord between us but they were ever good towards me. Enough of this.

And poor Prince Ivan Vorotynsky came there without the Tsar to pray, and he asked to be admitted to my prison cell. But they would not let the hapless man in. I could only, looking thro' the window, weep over him. My sweet friend feared God, he was Christ's orphan. Christ will not cast him away. Thus always was Christ on our side, and all the boyars were good to us, only the devil was malicious and what could we have done if Christ had left us? They beat my dear Prince Ivan Khovansky with rods and they burnt Isaiah, and the lady Theodosia Morozova they brought to ruin, and they killed her son and tortured her and her sister Eudokia, beating them with rods; and they parted her from her children and divorced her from her husband, and him they say, Prince Peter Urusov, they married to another wife. But what was there to do? Let them torture those dear ones, they will go to their heavenly bridegroom. In every wise God will cause to pass this troublesome time and

will call to Himself the bridegroom to His heavenly palace, He the true Sun, our Light and our Hope. Let us turn again to the one first matter.

After this they took me again to the monastery of Paphnutiev, and there, having shut me up in the dark room, and put fetters on me, they kept me for wellnigh a year. There the cellarer Nikodemus was good to me at first, but he, poor fellow, smoked of tobacco more than that 60 poods the which they seized when they searched the house of the Metropolitan of Gaza, and they seized a lute too and other hidden things of the monastery on the which they played and made merry withal. It is a sin to speak of it, forgive me; it was not my business, let him look to it, to his own Lord he must stand or fall. This is just by the way. With them there were well-beloved teachers of Holy Writ. I asked of this Nikodemus, the cellarer, on Easter Day, in order that I might rest because of the holiday, that he would bid them open the door that I might sit on the threshold, and he abused me and refused me savagely as he willed. And after that he came into my cell he fell suddenly ill, they anointed him with oil and gave him the last sacraments and there and then he died. That was on Easter Monday, and before, on the

night of Tuesday, there had come to him a man in the semblance of myself with a censer, and in shining vestments, and having censed him and taken him by the hand he moved himself and was healed. And he came to me with the servitor by night into the dungeon. And as he came he said, "Blessed is this dwelling—what a dungeon doth it contain—how blessed is this dungeon—what sufferings doth it hold! blessed are those bonds. . . ." And he fell before me and clasped my chain and said, "Forgive me, for God's sake! forgive, I have sinned before God and before thee. I have insulted thee, and for this God hath punished me." And I spake, "How hath He punished thee? Instruct me!" And he, "Thou thyself", said he, "didst come to me and didst cense me; thou didst have pity on me and didst raise me up. Why dost thou deny it?" And the servitor standing there said, "Yes, my Lord and Father, he took thee by the hand and led thee from the cell, and bowed down before thee, and thou didst go hence". And I charged him that he should say nothing to no man concerning this secret thing. And he questioned me how henceforth he might live for Christ. "Ah," said he, "dost thou charge me to go forth into the desert?" But I forbade him and would not suffer him to give up his steward-

ship, if only in secret he would preserve the ancient tradition of his fathers. And he bowed low and went away to his own place and on the morrow at meat he told it to all the brotherhood. And the people ceaselessly and with boldness pressed in to see me, asking for a blessing and for my prayers, and I taught them from Holy Writ and I healed them by the Word of God. At that time I had some enemies, but these were reconciled to me. Alas, when shall I quit this life of vanity? It is written: "Woe to him when all men speak well of him". In very truth I know now how I may endure to the end; of good deeds there are none now; but I glorified God. That He knows and with Him it rests.

Thither there came to me in secret Theodor with his children; he that was strangled, God rest his soul! and he questioned me thus: "How wouldst thou have me walk? Shall I go in my shift in the old fashion or shall I put clothes upon me? The heretics", said he, "are seeking me, they would fain bring me to ruin. I", said he, "was at Riazan under guard at the Archbishop's palace at the Court, and he, Hilarion, did grievously torment me: there was scarce a day when he did not beat me with cords and he kept me bound in iron fetters, compelling me to

partake of the new communion of Antichrist. And I said, 'I could not', and I prayed in the night and wept and spake, 'O Lord, if thou dost not save me, they will cause me to commit abomination and I shall perish. What can I do?'" And weeping much he said suddenly, said he, "My father, all my chains fell rattling from me, and the door was opened of its own motion. And I", said he, "bowed down to God, and I went forth. I came to the outer gates and the gates were opened. I went straight forth along the road to Moscow. It was scarce daylight", said he, "when they gave chase on horseback; three men passed quickly by me and they did not see me, and I," said he, "trusting in Christ, went on my way onwards. But", said he, "very soon they came upon me and they were snarling at me; said they, 'The son of a whore has escaped, where may one take him?' And again", said he, "they passed by me and did not see me. And I", said he, "again betook me to thee and asked whether should I go again to be tortured or whether I should do on clothes and live in Moscow". And I, a sinner, bade him do on clothes and naithless not to hide himself from the hands of the heretics. They strangled him in Mezen, hanging him upon the gallows-tree. Eternal be his memory

together with Luke Lavrentievich. My well-beloved children! They suffered for Christ. Glory to God for them. And Theodor accomplished an exceeding mighty deed above measure; by day he played the Fool of Christ, and all night long he wept and prayed. I know many good men, but I had never yet beheld such an ascetic. He lived with me in Moscow about half a year, but I was still ill—two of us lived in the same chamber with him and at the most he would lie an hour or two and then he would get up, and then he would go through a thousand genuflexions and would seat himself on the ground, or else, standing up, he would weep for some three hours; meantime I would continue lying and sometimes sleep, but sometimes I was restless, and when he had his fill of violent weeping then he would come up to me and say, "How long wilt thou continue lying? Come to thyself. Thou art a priest. How art thou not ashamed?" And I could not rise though he lifted me up saying, "Stand up, my sweet father!" And he pulled at me somehow or other. And he bade me say prayers as I sat, and he kept bowing down instead of me. He *was* my friend in very truth! He was sore vexed by his sufferings. At one time his intestine issued forth from him three yards in length,

and at another five yards, and his guts were measureless—and it was both pitiful and laughable. At Ustyuz for five years he froze barefoot in the frost with only his shift. I saw him myself. Then he became my ghostly son, and when I came from Siberia he ran up to my stall in the church in order to pray: he spoke thus: "When", said he, "one first began to thaw after the frost and get warm, my father, it was very hard to bear"; said he, "one stamps with one's feet on the brick floor as though they were wooden legs, and on the morrow they did not hurt".

He had with him there in his cell a psalter of those newly printed. He knew but little as yet of those new-fangled things. But I told him all, word by word, concerning the new books—and he snatched at the book and hurled it into the stove. And he cursed all these new-fangled ways. And he was exceeding zealous for the faith of Christ. But why speak many words? As he began, so he ended. And his great virtue lay not in idle words, as is with me, miserable man, for whom he died pleading to God.

A good man, too, was my dear old Athanasius, my ghostly son—his name in religion was Abraam—whom the apostates baked to death in Moscow on the fire, and like unto

bread of sweet savour he was offered to the Holy Trinity. Until he took the cowl, he went about barefoot with only his shift, both winter and summer, only he was milder than Theodor and fell short of his asceticism. He dearly loved weeping, and weeping he would go about and with whomsoever he spoke his words were soft and sweet as though he wept. Theodor was very zealous and suffered much concerning the work of God. In every way he would weary himself to bring sin to light and to destroy it. But enough of them! As they lived, so they died, with Christ Jesus our Lord.

I will tell you yet more of my wanderings when they brought me out of the Paphnutiev monastery in Moscow and placed me in the guest-house, and after many wanderings they set me down in the Chudov monastery, before the patriarchs of all Christendom, and the Russian Nikonites sat there like so many foxes. I spoke of many things in Holy Writ with the Patriarch. God did open my sinful mouth and Christ put them to shame. The last word they spoke to me was this: "Why", said they, "art thou stubborn? The folk of Palestine, Serbia, Albania, the Wallachians, they of Rome and Poland, all these do cross themselves with three fingers, only thou standest out in thine obstinacy and

dost cross thyself with two fingers; it is not seemly." And I answered them for Christ thus: "O you Teachers of Christendom. Rome fell away long ago and lies prostrate, and the Poles fell in the like ruin with her, being to the end the enemies of the Christian. And among you orthodoxy is of mongrel breed; and no wonder—if by the violence of the Turkish Mahound you have become impotent, and henceforth it is you who should come to us to learn. By the gift of God among us there is autocracy; till the time of Nikon, the apostate, in our Russia under our pious princes and tsars the orthodox faith was pure and undefiled, and in the Church was no sedition. Nikon, the wolf, together with the devil, ordained that men should cross themselves with three fingers, but our first shepherds made the sign of the cross and blessed men as of old with two fingers, according to the tradition of our holy fathers, Meletina of Antioch, Theodoret, the blessed Bishop of Cyrene, Peter of Damascus and Maxim the Greek; and so too did our own synod of Moscow, at the time of the Tsar Ivan, bid them, putting their fingers together in that wise, make the sign of the cross and give the blessing, as of old the holy fathers Melety and others taught. Then in the time of Ivan, the Tsar, there were the

standard-bearers, Gury and Varsanophiy, wonder-workers of Kazan, and Philip the Abbot of Solovki among the Russian saints." And the patriarchs fell to thinking, and our people began to howl like wolf-cubs and to belch out words against their fathers saying, "Our Russian holy men were ignorant, and they understood nothing, they are unlearned folk", said they. "How can one trust them? they have no letters." O Holy God! How hast Thou suffered so great reviling of Thy Holy ones? I, miserable one, was bitter in my heart, but I could do nothing. I abused them as hard as I could, and I spake as follows: "I am pure, and the dust that cleaves to my feet do I shake off before you, as it is written—'better one if he do the will of God than a thousand of the godless'." Then louder than before they began to cry out against me: "Away with him, away with him; he hath outraged us all"; and they began to thrust at me and to beat me. And the patriarchs themselves threw themselves on me; about forty of them I think there must have been. Great was the army of Antichrist that gathered itself together. Ivan Uvarov seized me and dragged at me, and I cried aloud, 'Stop, do not beat me!" Then they all sprang back and I began to speak to the interpreter, the archimandrite, thus: "Say

to the patriarch the Apostle Paul writes: 'For such an high priest became us, who is holy, harmless, and so forth', but ye, having sorely mishandled a man, how then can ye straightway perform your office?" Then they sat down. I went away to the door and lay down on my side. "Ye sit down," I said to them, "but I lie down." At that they laughed. "The archpriest", said they, "is a silly fellow, and does not show honour to the patriarchs." And I said, "We are fools for Christ's sake. Ye are great and we without honour; ye are strong and we are weak." After that, again, the authorities came to me and began to talk with me on the question of the Alleluias: Christ put it in my heart and I put them to shame for their Romish heresy, thro' Dionysios the Areopagite, of whom mention has been made before. And Euphemiy, the cellarer of the Chudov monastery, spake: "Right art thou," said he, "there is no more to be said". And they took me along to chain me.

Then the Tsar sent an officer with musketeers and they took me to the Vorobiev hills.

There was the priest Lazarus and the monk Epiphanius, an elder. They had been shorn and were ill-treated as tho' they were village peasants, my dear ones. A wise man when he did but see them must needs

fall a-weeping when he looked at them. Well, let them suffer! Why grieve for them! Christ was better than them, and against Him, our sweet Lord, evil was wrought by the forbears of the Nikonites, Annas and Caiaphas. No wonder, for they followed after an exemplar—we must grieve for them, poor things! Woe to the hapless followers of Nikon! They have perished of their own wickedness and their stubbornness of soul!

Then they brought us from the Voroblov hills to the guest-house of the Andreevsky monastery to the Savin suburb, and as tho' we were robbers, followed after us and left us not, nay even when we relieved nature. It was both pitiable and laughable, as tho' the devil had blinded them.

Then again we were taken to the S. Nikolas monastery at Ugresha. And there the Tsar sent to me the officer Yury Lutokhin, that I might bless him, and we had much converse concerning this and that.

Then again they brought me to Moscow, to the guest-house of the Nikolsky monastery, and they demanded of us yet again a statement of the true faith. After that there were sent more than once to me gentlemen of the bed-chamber, diverse persons, Artemon and Dementiy. And they spake to me in the name of the Tsar: "Archpriest! I see",

they said, "thy life that it is pure and undefiled and pleasing unto God, I and the Tsarina and our children, be entreated of us". The envoy wept as he spake, and for him I weep always. I was exceeding sorry for him. And again he spake: "I beg of thee, hearken to me. Be thou reconciled with the patriarchs." And I said, "Even if God will that I should die, I will not be joined together with apostates". "Thou", I said, "art my Tsar, but they, what have they to do with thee?" "They have lost their Tsar and they have come here to gobble you up—I—say I—will not cease to uplift my hands to heaven until God give thee over to me."

The last word I got from the Tsar was, "Wherever", said he, "thou shalt be, do not forget us in thy prayers". And I, sinful one, now, as far as I may, pray to God for him.

After scourging my friends, but not me, they banished me to Pustozersk. And I sent from Pustozersk to the Tsar two letters, the first not long but the other longer, what I had said to him, that I wrote also in the letters, and also certain signs of God, who had appeared to me in my prison. Who reads will understand. Also a letter written by the deacon was sent to Moscow by me and the brotherhood as a gift to the True

Believers. The book was an answer of the Orthodox and was a conviction of the heresy of the apostates — in it was written the truth concerning the dogmas of the Church. Further, two letters had been sent by the priest Lazarus to the Tsar and the Patriarch, and of all this we got a present. In Mezen of my household they hanged two men, my ghostly children, the aforenamed Theodor Christ's Fool and Luke Lavrentievich, servants of Christ. Luke was a dweller in Moscow, the only son of his mother, who was a widow; he was of the guild of banners, a youth in years about fifteen. He came to Mezen, to his death, with my children. And when there was a general slaughter in my house, Pilate asked him, "And how do you, my man, cross yourself?" And he made answer with all temperance: "I do believe and do cross myself so placing my fingers as doth my ghostly father, the archpriest Avvakum". And Pilate ordered them to put him in the dungeon, and there to put a noose round his neck, and he hanged him on a railing. And so he passed from earth to heaven. Greater than that what could they do for him? And if he were but a youth, he acted like an old man. He went his way to the Lord. Well were it even for an old man did he win through like that.

At this time the order was given to hang my two sons after the flesh, Ivan and Procopius, but they, miserable ones, were weaklings and never thought them to lay hold on the crowns of victory. Being soon afraid of death they made submission, and so they buried them alive in the earth with their mother for third. There was a death without death for you. Repent as ye sit there, while the devil concocts something else! That death be terrible is not wonderful! Time was when even Peter, dear friend of Christ, made denial and went out and wept bitterly, and for his tears he was forgiven, and for my children it is not wonderful that, because of my sins, weakness was permitted them. Well and good! So be it! Christ is mighty to save us all and to have mercy upon us.

At this time the deputy, Ivan Elagin, was with us in Pustozersk, having come from Mezen, and he received from us a statement, and this was it: "Year and month", and again: "We keep the tradition of the holy Fathers unaltered, and we proclaim as accursed Paisius the Patriarch of Palestine with his fellows as an assembly of heretics", and besides there were said there a few words about Nikon, the fabricator of this heresy. For this they brought us to the scaffold, and

when they had read the sentence they took me away without scourging me to the dungeon. They read me the edict: "Let Avvakum be put into an underground prison within the palisade and let there be given to him bread and water". But I spat on this and I desired to die, refraining from food, and I ate nothing for about eight days or more. But then my brethren bade me eat.

At the same time they took the priest Lazarus, and cut out his whole tongue from his throat, but little blood flowed and soon stopped. And he spoke again without his tongue. Moreover, having placed his right hand upon the scaffold, they cut it off at the wrist, and the hand that had been cut off, lying upon the ground, of its own motion placed its fingers after the ancient use, and lying thus long time before the people, the poor thing made confession, and even unto death did not betray the sign of salvation. Even I am amazed at that; the lifeless thing convicts the living. And on the third day I felt in his mouth with my hand; it was all smooth, and there was no tongue, but it did not hurt. God had granted that with good hap it had healed up. In Moscow they had cut out his tongue and then there was some of it left, but now it was all cut away. But he spoke clearly for the space of two years as tho'

he had a tongue. And when he had completed two years there was another wonder—in the space of three days his tongue grew again to its full size, but that it was a little stumpy, and again he spake, instantly praising God and railing at the apostates.

At this time they seized a hermit priest, an anchorite of strict rule, Epiphaniy, an elder, and cut out the whole of his tongue. And they cut off four fingers of his hand. And at first he spoke thickly, and at this time he prayed to the Virgin, the Mother of God, and there appeared to him in the air two tongues, that of Moscow and the present one. Now he, taking up one, put it in his mouth, and from that moment began to speak purely and clearly, and the whole tongue fitted itself into his mouth. Great are the works and unspeakable are the judgements of the Lord! He sendeth forth His judgements and again He healeth and hath mercy. But what availeth many words? God is an old hand at miracles. Out of nothing He brings life, and shall He not at the Last Day raise up all flesh in the twinkling of an eye; and who may discern concerning this thing? God is after this wise: He createth what is new and He reneweth that which is old. In all things Glory be to Him!

At this time they seized the deacon Theodor. They cut out the whole of his

tongue, but left a little bit in his mouth, having cut it slantways across his throat. It healed just as it was at the time, but later on it grew again as it was before. It stuck out a little way from the lips, but stump-like. And they cut off his hand across the palm. By the gift of God it all healed, and he spake clearly and cleanly as before.

Then they covered us up with earth. There was a framework in the earth, and above the earth a second framework, and then again round the whole of it was a fence with four locks, and they set a watch to guard all the doors. Now we, both here and everywhere in dungeons, sing songs before the Lord Christ, the Son of God, such as Solomon sang when he beheld his mother Bathsheba: "*Thou art good, my fair one, thou art good, my beloved. Thine eyes burn like a flame of fire, thy teeth are as white as milk; the shining of thy face is brighter than the sun's rays, and altogether thou shinest like unto the day in its strength.*"

Then Pilate journeyed from us, and having settled his business at Mezen he returned to Moscow. And others of us were burnt and baked. They burnt Isaiah to death and afterwards burnt Abraam and other defenders of the Church—the most of them did he undo. God will count the number of them. A wonder is it that they would not come to their

right mind. They think to establish the faith by fire or the knout and gallows-tree! Which of the apostles taught them that? I know not. My Christ did not teach His Apostles that fire and knout and gallows-tree should lead to the faith. But it was said to the Apostle by the Lord thus: "*Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature; he that believeth and is baptized, the same shall be saved*". See now, my reader, Christ calls us to come if we will, but He does not bid the Apostles to burn with fire and to hang on the gallows-tree them that are disobedient. The Tatar god Mahound in his books wrote thus: "We bid ye lay low with the sword the heads of them that obey not our law and tradition". But Christ never gave such like command to His disciples, and these teachers, it is plain, are themselves Antichrists; they, who, leading men to the faith, destroy them and give them over to death—they bring forth works like unto their faith. It is written in the gospels: "*A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither a bad tree good fruit. Every tree is known by its fruit.*" But why speak many words? "No Cross, no Crown." He that will be crowned, for *that* he had not need to go to Persia. We have our Babylon at home. Come, True Believer! Name thou the name of Christ, standing in the midst of Moscow, cross thyself

with the sign of the Saviour our Christ, with two fingers as we have received from the holy Fathers. Lo! here at home for thee is thy Kingdom of Heaven. Glory to God! Suffer tortures for the placing of thy fingers, reason not much, but I with thee am ready to die for this and for Christ. If I am a foolish man and one without learning, yet this I know, that all the traditions of the Church, handed down to us by the holy Fathers, are holy and incorrupt. I keep them even unto death, as I received them. I will not falsify the eternal boundaries—that which was laid down before our days, let it so remain to all eternity, but, O thou heretic, do not tamper with things, touch not the sacrifice of Christ, lay not thine hand on the cross, nay, stir not even the corporals! And they have planned with the devil to misprint books and falsify everything, and to alter the sign of the cross in the church, and on the wafers. Within the altar they have banished the priestly prayers, they have altered the "Lord have mercy upon us," and in baptism they bid to invoke the Evil One. I would fain spit in his eyes and in theirs! And round about the font the Evil One leads them against the course of the sun, and in like fashion they consecrate the church, and when they solemnize marriage they lead the married widishins; plainly they

do this in hostility. And in baptism they do not abjure the Evil One. How should they? They are his children and they do not desire to abjure their father. But why multiply words? Woe is me for the True Believer! Every spirit that is exalted is brought low. As Nikon, the hound of hell, spake, so did he do. Print the books, Arsen, anyhow, only not after the ancient fashion. And so he did! More than that, one cannot alter things. It behoves every man to endure for this, even unto death. May these damnable ones be accursed, with all their devilish imaginations: and to them whom they made to suffer in their souls, may theirs be threefold eternal remembrance.

For this I ask forgiveness of every True Believer. Some things that I have said were perhaps best unsaid—but I may read thro' the Acts of the Apostle and the epistles of Paul. The Apostles proclaimed concerning themselves that God was working thro' them. "*Not unto us but to our God be the praise.*" And I am of no account. So spake I again and again. I am a man that is a sinner. Wanton am I and a ravisher, a thief and a robber, the friend of publicans and sinners, and to every man am I a hypocrite accursed; forgive me and pray for me; to you who read me and who hearken am I bound more than

to any. I know not how to live and what I am doing that I tell to men. What matter that they talk vanity of me, in the day of judgement they shall all know of my deeds, whether they be good or evil. But if I be unlearned in speech, yet am I not in thought; I am untaught in rhetoric and in dialectic and in philosophy, but the mind of Christ is our Guide within us, as the Apostle saith, *tho' I be rude in speech yet not in knowledge.*

Forgive me if I speak to you again of mine ignorance. In truth I was as a fool; I disobeyed the testament of my father, and for that was my house punished. All was for God's sake. When I was still a priest, the Tsar's confessor, the archpriest Stephen Voniphatievich, gave me as a precious gift the image of Philip the metropolitan, together with the book of the holy Ephraim of Syria, that I might myself profit reading it to the people. But I, accursed one, despising the fatherly gift, handed over the book to my cousin and, because of his importunity, bartered it for a mare. In my house at that time was my own brother, by name Euphemiy. He was exceeding skilled in letters and gave great diligence to the Church, and at last he was promoted to be Psalm-reader to the elder princess, but he died of the plague, with his wife. This Euphemiy fed and watered the

mare and tended her with great diligence, neglecting the rule in many ways. And God saw our unrighteousness, mine and my brother's that we did not walk uprightly. I had bartered the book and transgressed my father's will, and my brother had despised the rule and attended to the beast. And the Lord was pleased to punish us after this wise: devils began to torment the mare, and she was always in a sweat and a fever and scarce alive. But I did not fully understand for what cause the devil was thus tormenting us. And on Sunday after supper, my brother Euphemiy was repeating the Psalms for the day in prose for me, and he cried with a loud voice, "Look down upon me and have mercy upon me", and letting the book fall from his hand he dashed himself against the ground, and he was smitten of the devil, and he began to cry aloud and wail unseemly words, for the devils began to torment him grievously. In my house were other two brothers after the flesh, Kosma and Gerasim, older than he, and they could not hold him—and all the household, some thirty souls in all, sought to hold him, and they sobbed and wept, wailing to the Master, "Lord have mercy upon us! We have sinned before Thee; we have angered Thy clemency, forgive us sinners! Have mercy on this youth

because of the prayers of the holy Fathers!" But he got more and more enraged, cried aloud and shook and was convulsed. Now I at that moment, by the help of God, was not confused by this devilish racket, and having finished the Psalms for the day I began again to pray to Christ and the Mother of God with tears, saying: O Our Lady, all holy Mother of God! show us what is the sin of which this is the so great punishment and I, having come to my right mind and repenting before Thee and before Thy Son, I will not dare me to act again in such wise.

And weeping I sent to the church, for the Prayer-book and for holy water, my ghostly son Symeon together with Euphemiy, the one encouraging and heartening the other with books and with the rule, both of them living a very strict life in fasting and prayer. This same Symeon wept over his friend, and went off to the church and brought back the book and the holy water. And I began to operate on the storm-tossed one by the prayer of Basil the Great, with the help of Symeon. He set in order for me the censer and brought me the candle and the holy water, and the others held the possessed one. And then I came to the prayer "*I command thee in the name of the Lord, thou deaf and dumb spirit, come forth from this creature and, moreover,*

enter not again into him, but go forth into a desert place where no man liveth but only God beholdeth it". But the devil did not hearken nor did he come out of my brother. And I again repeated the same words yet another time, but the devil still did not hearken and yet more grievously did he torment my brother. Ah, woe unto me! How shall I say it? I am ashamed, I dare not. I did not dare, and I spake in accordance with the bidding of the elder Epiphanius—thus did I. I took the censer and I censed the possessed one and the images, and then I fell down on the bench and sobbed for many hours. Then I rose up, cried aloud the words of Basil to the devil, "Come forth from this creature!" And the imp of hell bent my brother up into a ring and screwed himself together and came out and sat on the window. And my brother was like unto one dead, and I sprinkled him with holy water. And he, coming to himself, pointed with his finger at the imp who was sitting on the window, but he did not speak, for his tongue was bound. But I sprinkled the window with water and the devil came out into the mill-stone corner. And my brother pointed at it there. And I sprinkled it with water there also. And the devil left it and went on to the stove. My brother pointed at it there too, and I sprinkled it there

too with the same water, and my brother pointed at it under the stove and crossed himself, and I did not go after the devil, but I sprinkled my brother with holy water, in the name of the Lord. And he, gasping from the depths of his heart, uttered these words to me: "God save thee, my brother, for that thou hast brought me forth from the Prince of Darkness and his two liege-lords. I, my brother Avvakum, will do obeisance to thee for thy kindness, and may God save this boy who went to the church for the book and the water, for he helped thee to fight with him. He is in likeness to Symeon my friend; they brought me nigh to the river Sundovnik and beat me and they said, 'For,' said they, 'thou art delivered up because of this that thy brother Avvakum did barter the book for the mare, and he loved her. Thus', said they, 'it is needful to speak to thy brother that he take back that book and that he give money for it to thy cousin.'" And I said to him, "I, my dear one, am thy brother Avvakum". He answered me, "What manner of brother art thou? Thou art my beloved father. Thou hast taken me from the Prince of Darkness and his liege-lords, and as for my brother he lives at Lopatishta and he will come and return his thanks to thee." I then gave him the holy water and he took the

vessel from me, and he wanted to drink it up. The water was sweet to him! but the water was spent, and I rinsed the vessel and was about to give him to drink, but he did not drink; but, thro' the long winter night I was busied about him. I lay down awhile with him and then went into the church to sing matins. And while I was away the devils again fell upon him, but less violently than before. And I, coming back from church, anointed him with oil, and again the devils left him and he was in his right mind. But he was spent and broken of the devils. He kept looking at the stove—and was afraid that if I went away, the devils would be after him again—and the devils began to revile him. I fought with the devils as tho' they were dogs, for three weeks for my sins, and then I took back the book and gave the money for it and went to see my friend, Hilarion the abbot. He reserved a sacramental loaf for my brother; at that time he lived a good life, but now, having become archbishop of Ryazan, he has begun to be a persecutor of the Christians. I made obeisance to another spiritual brother on behalf of my brother, and we prayed to God for our sins, and my brother was freed from the devil. If disobedience to my father's will be so great a wrong, what will be my punishment for

the disobedience to my father's will? Alas! only fire and torment. I know not how it is that the days run on. I am covered about with weakness and hypocrisy and lying. I am clothed with envy of others and with self-love; I, who condemn all men, perish; I account myself as somewhat; and I, accursed one, am dung and corruption, naught but dung. I stink from all my soul and body. Well should I live with dogs and with pigs in their styes. As they stink so stinketh my spirit with an evil stench. Pigs and dogs stink of their nature, but I stink from my sins, like to a dead dog cast out into the street of the city. Thanks be to God for those powers that buried me in the earth! Tho' now I stink to myself, doing evil works, at least I am not a scandal to others. Yea, it is good so.

And in my dungeon there came to me madman Kiril, my friend the Moscow musketeer who was my guard. I shaved him and washed him and changed his clothes; there were many lice. He and I were locked up together, the two of us, and the third was Christ and the Immaculate Virgin. He, my dear one, was wont to ease himself and I would cleanse him. He would ask to eat and drink, but without a blessing he did not dare to partake. He would not stand up

when I was saying prayers. The devil would make him drowsy, but I would beat him with my rosary and he would begin to say a prayer and bow himself, standing behind me. And when I would finish the rule, he would begin again to be possessed of a devil. In my presence he would always play the devil and the fool, but when I went to see the Elder in his dungeon I would lay him down on the bench and bid him not rise up, and I would bless him, and as long as I was away with the Elder he would lie there and not rise up, for he was bound of God—and as he lay he would go raving. At his bed-head were the images and books and bread and kwass and other things, and he would touch nothing while I was away. And when I came back to him he would stand up, and the devil to vex me made him to behave unseemly. I would cry out and he would sit down. While I was cooking he would ask to eat, and tried to steal a bit before the time of dinner, and when I would say the "Our Father" before dinner and bless the food, then he would not eat of that food, but asked for unblessed food. And I would thrust some food down his mouth by violence, and he would weep and swallow it. And when I fed him with fish, then the devil would ramp within him and he himself would

speak thus: "Thou", would he say, "hast made me weak"; and I would weep before the Lord, and again I would curb him with fasting, and I would quiet him down with the name of Christ. Finally I anointed him with holy oil. And he was assuaged of the devil. He lived with me for a month or more, and before his death he was brought to his right mind. I received his confession and administered the Sacraments to him. And he, dear man, died quickly, and I, having bought a coffin and a shroud, gave orders that he should be buried near the church and that the priest should say prayers for him for forty days. The dead body lay in my house for a day and a night, and I, rising up in the night, prayed to God, blessing him, the dead man, and kissing him, and afterwards I lay down to sleep. He was my dear comrade. Glory to God for that. Now he is dead and to-morrow I too shall die.

And again there was another man possessed of a devil with me in Moscow. His name was Philip. When I came from Siberia he was in the house in a corner, chained against the wall, for the devil was upon him, very fierce and wild; he fought round and struggled, and none of the servants of the house could do aught with him. When I, a sinner, came up to him with the cross and the water, he

became submissive, and he fell down as it were dead, before the cross of Christ, and dared essay nothing against me. Prayers of the holy Fathers and the might of God drove the devil out of him, but his mind was not quite made whole. Theodor the Fool in Christ was set to watch him, the same that for the truth's sake the Christians that were apostates strangled at Mezen. He recited the psalter over Philip and taught him the prayer of Jesus, but I removed myself from the house in day-time and only by night did I busy myself about Philip. After some time I came from Theodor Rtishshev exceeding vexed, for in his house there had been much ado with the heretics about the faith and the law, and in my house meantime disorder had arisen, and Dame Avvakum and my servant, the widow Photinia, had set up strife between them, and the devil set them quarrelling about nothing. And I came home and beat them both and abused them because I was already exceeding vexed. I sinned against God and against them. Moreover, the devil was ramping in Philip. And he began to tear up his chain in his madness and to shriek out unseemly words, and fear fell upon all the household, and there was an exceeding great uproar. I went straight up to him without praying. I wished to tame him, but he was

not as heretofore. He gripped hold of me and began to beat me and fight me, and he tore me to bits, for all as though I were a spider's web, and he spake, "Thou art fallen into my hand!" I only spake a prayer, but even a prayer avails not without deeds. The servants could not get me away from him, and I gave myself up to him for I saw that I had sinned. Let him beat me! But wondrous is the Lord. He beat me and it did not hurt! After that he hurled me away from him, and spake and said, "I am not afraid of thee!" And at that moment I began to be sad at heart. "The devil", I said, "works his will on me." I lay awhile and came back to myself. And I rose up and I sought my wife, found her, and I stood before and prayed with tears for forgiveness. And I bowed myself to the earth before her and said, "Nastasia Markovna, I have sinned—forgive me, a sinner". And she, in like manner, bowed herself before me. And after that, in like fashion, I asked forgiveness of Photinia: thus I lay in the midst of the parlour and I bade every man beat me with a scourge five blows upon my accursed back. There were twenty people. And my wife and my children and all of them, weeping, did beat me. And I spake and said, "If there be any man that doth

not beat me, let him have no part with me in the kingdom of heaven". And they beat me against their will, and weeping; and I, at every blow, said a prayer. And when they had all beaten me and I was stood up, I pronounced forgiveness before them all. And the devil, seeing he might not escape defeat, came forth and left Philip, and I blessed him with the cross, and he became well as aforetime, and was wholly healed by the blessed gift of God, for the sake of Christ Jesus, our Lord. To Him be glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

When I was in Siberia (on my outward way and was living in Tobolsk) they brought to me a man possessed of a devil. Theodor they called him. There was a cruel devil in him. He had sinned with his wife on Easter Day, defiling a holy day (his wife told me about it), and so he became possessed of a devil. And I kept him in my own house about two months. I lamented concerning him to the Godhead. I led him to church and anointed him with holy oil and prayed to God; he became well and in his right mind. And he stood with me in the choir to chant the service. At the time of the Elevation of the Host he vexed me, and I there and then beat him in the choir, and I bade the sexton to chain him fast to the wall in the entrance,

and he, forcing his way out, more violently possessed of the devil than before, went during Mass out to the palace of the senior governor and broke the chests to bits and put on the princess's clothes and chased the princes away. And the prince in a rage dragged him off with many people to the prison, but he maltreated the wretched prisoners and broke the stove to bits: the prince bade him to be banished to the country to his wife and children. But he, wandering from village to village, did all manner of vileness. Every man ran away from him, but the governors did not give him up to me for they were enraged. I, on his behalf, went on weeping before the Lord. Thereupon there came a letter from Moscow; it was an order to banish me from Tobolsk to Lena, the great river. And then, on Peter's Day, I prepared myself, and Theodor, in his right mind, came to see me in a boat. On the boat, in presence of the people, he bowed himself down before me, and he spake and said, "God save thee, my father, for thy loving-kindness which thou hast shown unto me! I fled into the wilderness three days past and thou didst appear to me and didst bless me with the cross, and the devils fled away from me, and I came hither to bow myself before thee, and again I crave thy blessing." And I, looking upon him,

began to weep and was exceeding glad for the greatness of God in that the Lord watches over and cares for us all. Him He healed and me He made glad. And having instructed him, I blest him and sent him away to his wife and children in his home. And myself, I sailed away into banishment, praying for him to God, the dear Son of God, that He should keep him henceforth from evil. And when I came back I asked news of him, and they told me that he died; they said, "after you saw him, having lived about three years as a Christian with his wife and children", and that is well, praise God for him.

Forgive me, you, my Elder, with the other servant of Christ. Ye it is who have compelled me to speak thus. Nevertheless, since my tongue is once set wagging I will tell yet another my tale. As I was still a priest, there was in my house, where the devils vexed my brother, a young widow; it's long ago and I have forgotten her name. Yes, I remember, she was called Aphemia. She used to work in the house and did all her work well. When in the evening we were about to begin reciting the rule, then the devil smote her to the ground; she was all but dead, like a stone, and seemed not to breathe. She lay in the parlour like one dead, with her arms and legs outstretched,

And I repeated aloud a prayer to the Virgin, and I waved the censer; then I made the sign of the cross over her head and said the prayers of Basil at the same time. Then her head below the cross became free and the woman spoke, but her hands and legs and her body were still stone-dead. And I just touched her hand with the cross and thereon her hand became loosed, and I touched the other hand and it too in like manner was loosed. And I touched her belly and the woman sat down; her legs were still like stones, but I dared not touch them with the cross. I thought and thought—and I touched her legs and the woman became altogether loosed. And she rose up and prayed to God and bowed to the ground before me, for the devil, I know not how, was gone from her, and a long time I dealt thus with her. I anointed her with holy oil and thus altogether drove away the evil one, and God gave healing. And another time two Basils bound of the devil were with me, and it is strange to speak of them; they ate their own dung.

And yet another tale, shall I tell thee, my Elder? It sounds like a fool-tale, but so it was. In Tobolsk there dwelt with me an unmarried maid, by name Anna. She was my ghostly daughter; she was diligent for the rule, both of the Church and the monastery,

and she despised all the beauty of the world. And in envy of her good deeds the devil brought trouble upon her, concerning her first master, Elizar, in whose house she grew up, having been brought there as a Kalmouck captive by her godparents. She kept her virginity untouched, and when it was in full blossom, the devil stole it away. She desired to leave me and go to be married to her first master, and she began to be always crying. God sent a devil upon her, subduing her; and me, she would not hearken to me anything, and she would not attend to prostrations. When we began to repeat the rule, she would instantly stand up, press her hands together, and go on standing thus. It seemed that God was against her; He had sent a devil upon her. While she was standing during the rule, she broke out, possessed of the devil, and I, wretched one, was sad at heart. I signed her with the cross and I blessed her, and I sprinkled her with water, but the devil would not come out from her. And so it was oftentimes. But she still abode in her madness and in her frowardness. And God in His good cunning punished her in another way. She got drowsy during the rule and fell asleep on to a bench, and she slept three days and three nights without waking. I would just wave the censer over her from time to time

as she slept, and then she would heave a sigh as though she were dying. On the fourth day she came to herself and sat up and wept; they gave her to eat, but she ate not. When I had finished the monastic rule and had blessed the household servants and bid them go, I began to make obeisance in the darkness, without light. And she secretly approached me with a prayer and fell at my feet. And I went from her and sat down at a table, but she again, approaching the table and weeping, spake and said, "Hearken to me, master, for I am bidden to speak to thee". And I gave ear to her. "When", said she, "I dozed during the rule and fell asleep, two angels came up to me and took me, and they led me by a narrow path, and on the left hand there was weeping and sobbing and piteous voices; and then", said she, "they led me to a bright place, exceeding fair, and showed me many fair mansions and chambers, and the fairest mansion of all", she said, "shone with unspeakable beauty beyond all the rest, and was exceeding great. And they led me into it, and there", said she, "were tables set and ready spread, and dishes were standing there with foods. At the end", said she, "there was standing a tree all over leaves; it was waving and was coloured with many sorts of colours. In the tree", she said, "there I

heard voices of birds, and at first", she said, "I could not speak of them, so heartfelt and tuneful were they. And still keeping hold of me they brought me back again out of the mansion chamber, and they spoke and said, 'Knowest thou whose is this chamber?' And I answered, 'I know not, let me go into it'. 'But', they answered, 'that chamber is of thy father Avvakum; hearken to him and live as he shall bid thee as to ordering thy fingers and crossing thyself and making obeisance. If thou prayest to God and doth do nothing contrary to Him, then shalt thou live with Him here, but if thou wilt not hearken, then shalt thou be in that place of torment where thou didst hear weeping. Say to thy father, we are not devils that have brought thee. Look at our shining pennons; devils', said they, 'have not these'; and I, my father, looked, and there was white about their ears." And she made obeisance before me, asking forgiveness, and after that all was made straight with her again. Then they sent me away from Tobolsk and I left her with my ghostly son. Then she wished to become a nun, but the devil again worked after his wise. She married Elizar and was great with child. And after eight years she heard that I was coming back, and she persuaded her husband and became a nun. And

while she was married to her husband God punished her; from time to time the devil tormented her. And when I arrived at Tobolsk she had been a nun for the space of a month, and she brought to me two little children, and she laid the little things down before me and wept and sobbed, repenting and blaming herself with unstinted blame. I comforted her when others were there, but many times did I rail at her; but she was forgiven for her misdeeds, repenting of all of them, and after I had sore vexed her I forgave her all. She followed me into the church for Mass and the devil fell upon her at the time of the Elevation of the Host; she began to call out and wail aloud and bark like a dog, and bleat like a goat, and cuckoo like a cuckoo; and I had pity on her and I stopped midway in the song of the Cherubim and, taking the cross from the altar, I went up into the choir and called aloud, "I adjure thee, in the name of the Lord, thou devil, cease from tormenting her! God pardons her now and for ever and ever." And the devil came forth from her. And she crept up to me and fell down before me for this her fault. But I blest her with the cross, and from that moment I forgave her, and she became whole in spirit and body and went forth with me to Russia. And when they had shorn me, in that same year,

she suffered with my children at the hands of Paul the Metropolitan, before the patriarchal court. For the sake of the faith and for the strictness of the law they dragged her about and tormented her much; her name in religion was Agaphiya.

To me, my father, they brought, to my house, the mother of the little children. They were suffering from a rupture, and my children too were afflicted with a childish rupture, and I anointed all their five senses with holy oil and spoke a priestly prayer over them and, placing the oil on my hand, I rubbed my boy's back and his genitals, and, by the blessing of God, the rupture passed away from the young boy. But yet again he belched forth the plague and I wrought thus, and God, in his loving-kindness to man, healed him.

Now, in the early days of my priesthood, when I was new to my spiritual exercises, this is how the devil would scare me: My wife was exceeding ill and her father confessor came to her. And I went forth from the house for the book in the church in the middle of the night, that she might confess and be shriven. And when I got to the porch, a table was standing near it. When I came up the table leapt up in devilish fashion on the spot where it stood. And I, nowise

frightened, prayed before the eikon, made the sign of the cross over the table with my hand, and went up to it and made it stand there and stopped its goings-on. And, when I came up to the refectory, there began another devilry. There was a dead man lying in his coffin on a bench within the refectory, and by some devilry the upper plank of the coffin opened wide and the shroud began to stir and frightened me out of my senses. And I prayed to God and I made the sign of the cross over the dead man, and all was as before, but the vestments and the surplices flew about from place to place, frightening me out of my senses. But I prayed and kissed the altar and blessed the vestments with my hand and handled them coming up to them. And they hung as they were wont to do. After that I took up the book and went out of the church. Such was the craft that the devil wrought against us. But enough of this. What is there that the power of the cross and of the holy oil cannot work for them that are possessed, and for the sick, by the blessing of God? But this must we needs call to mind. It is not for our sake, and God giveth the glory not to us but to His own Name. And I am mire, what can I do if Christ do it not? I must needs weep within myself. Judas was a

wonder-worker, but thro' lust of silver he fell to the devil, and the devil himself dwelt in heaven, but was hurled out for his pride. Adam was in paradise, but he, for his love of sweet things, was driven forth and was condemned to dwell 5500 years in hell. Of this let every man take heed, and that he be mindful to stand firm and beware lest he also fall. Kneel thou down as a Christian man and pray unto God and to all the Saints, and thus shall it be well with thee!

And now, my Elder, thou hast heard full much of my babbling, and I bid thee, in the name of the Lord, write thou also for thy servant in Christ, how the Mother of God kneaded this devil in her hands and gave him over to thee, and how the ants ate thee in thy secret parts, and how something devilish set fire to the Word and how the cell was burnt to ashes, but all within it were safe and sound. And how thou didst cry aloud to heaven: and other things thou dost remember to the glory of Christ and the Mother of God. Hearken to what I say; if thou dost not write to me I shall be sorely angered! Thou lovest to hear of me; of what thou art ashamed, tell me if even a little. The Apostles, Paul and Barnabas, were wont to set forth, in the assembly at Jerusalem, before all, what sights and wonders God had wrought

by them among the Gentiles (see Acts 34 and 42), and the name of the Lord Jesus was magnified. And many who believed came to them, making confession and telling their deeds. And much of this is written by the Apostles and in the Acts. Fear not to tell me, only keep thy conscience straitly; seek not thine own glory, but speak thou for Christ and the Mother of God. Let thy servant in Christ read and rejoice. When we die, then shall this be read and we be remembered before God, and we will pray to God for them who read and who hearken. They shall be our people. They shall be there with Christ, and we shall be theirs for ever and ever. Amen.

THE END

Avvakum. 7963 Av99

The life of the arch-

priest Avvakum

11/29/55 Dr. 22 MAY 1924 Fed 10 DEC 1946 JUL 1946 1

92
Av99

Dr Gavin's
Collection

7963